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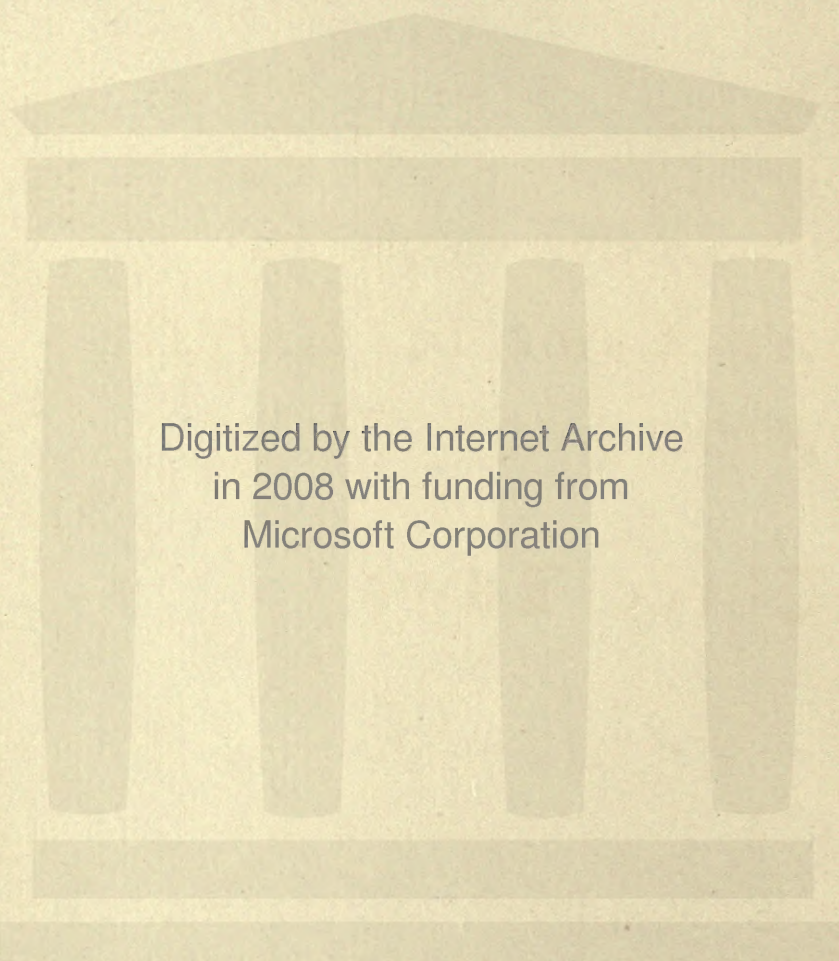
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

A Comedy Concerning  
Three Laws of Nature,  
Moses and Christ

COMPILED BY JOHN BALE  
BISHOP OF OSSORY

*Date of the first known Edition, 1538*

*Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908*







# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## A Comedy Concerning Three Laws of Nature, Moses and Christ

COMPILED BY JOHN BALE  
BISHOP OF OSSORY

1538



*Issued for Subscribers by*

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET  
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# A Comedy Concerning Three Laws of Nature, Moses and Christ

COMPILED BY JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

*The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, a. 12). The copy lacks the title-page, and on the fly-leaf are two extracts concerning Bale from "Wharton's History of English Poetry," apparently in the handwriting of Edmund Malone.*

*Another edition was printed in 1562 by Thomas Colwell, from which it would seem that there is no lacuna between G. iij. verso and G. iv. recto, and that "Brybe" is merely a blundered catchword.*

*The portrait of Bale on G. ii. recto is as placed in the original; and I have not thought well to utilize it, in perhaps a more fitting position, as a frontispiece.*

*For particulars of Bishop Bale's career—"bilious Bale"—I need not repeat what has been already sufficiently noted in the "Tudor Facsimile Texts" reprint of "God's Promises," save perhaps to add that in no other of his works is there so apparent his blunt savagery of speech against, and intolerance of, the Romish creed and practice as in "The Three Laws."*

v



*Bale's curious "Song upon Benedictus" (G. ii. verso to G. iij. verso) follows Bale's portrait in the original, and is itself followed by a metrical version of "The Commandments." The former is a mutilated transcript of "The Song of Zacharias," words being left out in the middle of each verse, and replaced by Bale with inserted words of his own.*

*The worm-eaten hole, plainly seen on A. ij. verso, in a line with the words "Actus primus," goes right through the book.*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original, again reports that "the reproduction is excellently done."*

*It may not be out of place to put on record the fact that my notes in respect to "faults" in these facsimiles have been thought occasionally to be somewhat hypercritical, as often no such "blurring" as is mentioned has been noticed in the special copies under the notice of these correspondents. No doubt this may be true; and it is satisfactory to get such criticism. A mechanical facsimile process must vary, perhaps even more than the "impression" in ordinary printing varies. At any rate, subscribers may rest assured that we, as responsible for the work in hand, are probably saying worse than could be said of us by even the most captious critic.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

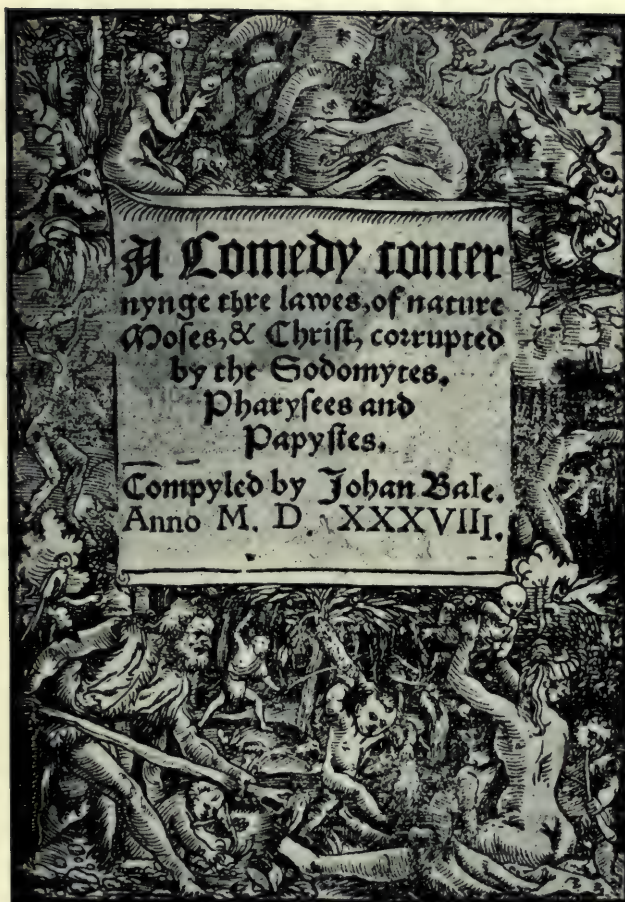












[Since writing the foregoing I have unexpectedly been put in possession of a photograph of the title-page of the more perfect copy of Bale's "Three Lawes" in the Bodleian Library: I now give it in facsimile slightly reduced. Only two copies of the play are known to be extant.—J. S. F.]















122 **A Comedye concernynge**  
**thre lawes, Compyled by Johan Bale.**

Baleus prolocutor.



**I**n ych comen welk he, most hygh prebe  
myence,

Is due vnto lawes, for soch commodyte,  
As is had by them. For as Cicero geueth  
sentence

Where as is no lawe, can no good order be,  
In nature, in people, in howse nor yet in citie.  
The bodyes aboute, are vnderneath a lawe,  
Who coulde rule the worlde, were it not vnder a lawe.

Lyke as Chrysippus, full clarkely doth dyffyne,  
Lawe is a teacher, of matters necessary,  
A knowledge of thynges, both natur all and deuyne  
Perswadyng all truth, dysswadyng all inury.  
A gyfte of the lorde, deuoyde of all obprobry,  
An wholesom doctryne, of men dyscrete and wyse,  
A grace from aboue and a very heauenly practyse.

Our heauently maker, mannys lynnynge to dyrect,  
The lawes of Nature, of Bondage, and of Grace,  
Sent into thys worlde, with vycyousnesse infect,  
In all ryghtheousnesse, to walke before hys face.

But Infydelyce, sorroweth in euery place,  
That vnder the heauens, no thyng is pure & cleane,  
So much the people, to hyperuerse wayes leane.

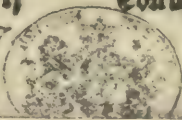
The lawe of Nature, hys fylthy dysposycyon.

A ij

Corrupteth

A. 6. 498.

43 7 6 77



Corrupteth with ydolles, and synkyng Sodometry.  
The lawe of Moses, with Auaryce and Ambycyon.  
Be also poluteih. And euer continually,  
Christes lawe he defyleth, with cursed hypocrisy,  
And with false doctryne, as wyll apere in presence,  
To the edyfyenge, of thys Christen audyence.

Of Infydelyte, God wyll hymself reuenge.  
With plages of water, of wyldefyre and of swordes.  
And of hys people, due homage he wyll chalenge,  
Euer to be knownc, for their God and good lord,  
After that he hath, thoselawes agayne restored,  
To their first bewtye, commyttynge them to sayth.  
He is now in place, marke therfor what he sayth.

Actus Primus.

Deus Pater.



I am Deus pater, a substaunce inuysyble,

All one with the sonne, & holy ghoſt  
in eſſence.

To Angell and Man. I am incomprehenſyble,

A ſtrength inſynyte, a ryghteouſneſſe, a prudence,

A mercy, a goodneſſe, a truth, a lyfe, a ſapyence.

In heauen and in earth, we made all to our glory,

Man euer hauynge, in a ſpecyall memory.

Man I ſaye agayne, whych is our owne elect,

Our









De Legibus diuinis Comœdia

Our chosen creature, and seruaunt ouer all,  
Aboue the others, peculyarly select,  
To do vs homage and onour name to call,  
Acknowledgyng vs for hys author princypall.  
Indued hym we haue, with gyftes of specyall grace,  
And lawes wyll we sende, to gouerne hym in place.

Streppe fourth ye iii. lawes, for gydaunce of Manynde  
Whom most inteyrly. in hart weloue and fauer.  
And teach hym to walke, accordynge to our mynde,  
In clenness of lyfe, and in a gentyll behauer.  
Depely instruct hym, our mysteryes to sauer,  
By the workes of fayth, all vices to seclude,  
And preserue in hym, our godly symlytude.

Naturæ lex.

Of duty we ought, alwayes to be obeysaunt,  
To your cōmaundement, for iust it is and plesant.

Moseh lex

Your preceptes are true, & of perpetuall strength  
On iustyce grounded, as wyll apere at length.

Christi lex.

Proudenesse ye abhoire, with lyfe incommenyentes,  
All they are cursed, wyth go fro your cōmaundement.

Deus Pater.

Our lawes are all one, though yow do thre apere  
Lyke wyse as our wyll, is all one in effect.

But bycause that Man, in hymself is not clere  
To tyme and persone, as now we haue respect,

A iij

And

De legibus diuinis Comœdia.

And as thre teachers, to hym we yow dyrect,  
Though ye be but one. In token that we are thre,  
Dystrynte in persone, and one in the deyte.

Naturæ lex.

We consydrethar, for as concernynge Man,  
Foure seuerall tymes, are moch to be respected.  
Of Innocency first, of hys transgressyon than,  
Than the longe season, wherin he was afflycted,  
Fynally the tyme, wherin he was redemed.  
Of pleasure is the first, the seconde of exyle.  
The thirde doth pynnysh, the four doth reconcyle,

Molech lex.

Whā Angell was made, thys lawe he had by & by,  
To serue yow bys lord, and with laudes to prosecute  
Thys lawe was geuen Man, in tyme of innocency,  
In no wyse to eate, of the forbydden frute.  
These two lawes broken, both they were destitute,  
Of their first fredome, to their most hygh decaye.  
Tyll your only sonne, ded māny whole raūsome paye

Christi lex.

Whan Angell in heauen, and Man in paradyse,  
Those lawes had brokē. The lawe of wycked Sarhā  
Impugned your lawes, by craft & subtyl practyse.  
Where yow sayd. Eate not. He sayd vnto the womā,  
Eate. Ye can not dye, As Godes ye shall be than.  
By thys first of all, your lawdes Man proued true.  
And Sarhans lawe false, whych he now dayly rue.

Deus pater.

Acte









Actus Primus.

Lette hym tha beware, how he our lawes neglect  
Only to Angell, and Man we gaue lyberte,  
And they onlve fell, becommynge a frowarde sect.  
Not by our mocyon, but their owne vanyte.  
For that we gaue them, to their felicyte.  
Abused they haue, to their perpetuall euyl.  
Man is now mortall and Angell become a deuyl.

Lose Man we wyll not, though he frō vs doth fal  
Our loue towardes hym, wyll be moch better than so  
Thu lawe of Nature, teache thu hym first of all,  
Hys lord God to knowe, and that is ryght to do.  
Charge and enforce hym, in the wayes of vs to go,  
Thu lawe of Moses, And Christes lawe fynally  
Rayse hym and saue hym, to our perpetuall glory,  
Naturæ lex.

For tyme of exyle, than I must be hys teacher.

Deus Pater.

Yea, forthre ages, both gyde and gouerner.  
From Adam to Noah, from Noah, to Abraham,  
And than to Moses, whych is the sonne of Amram,  
Naturæ lex.

Where must I remayne, for the tyme I shall be here:

Deus Pater.

In the hart of Man, hys consyence for to sterc,  
To ryghteouse lyuynge, and to a iust beleue,  
In token wherof, thys hart to the I geue.

Hic pro suo signo cor maiustrat.

A iij

Thu

De Legibus diuinis Comœdia

Thu shalt want no grace, to comfort hym withall,  
If he to the sayth, of my first promyse fall.

Moseh lex.

Then my course is next, for tyme of hys pönishment,

Deus Pater.

For thre ages more, to the must he consent.

From Mose to Dauid frō then to the Jewes exyle  
And so fourth to Christ, whych wyll Man reconcyle

Moseh lex.

Where shall I swete lord, for that same seasō dwell

Deus Pater.

With soch harde rulers, as wyll the people compell,  
Our mynde to fulfyll, withuot vayne gaudes or fables  
For a sygne of thys, holde these same stony tables.

Hic pro signo lapideas dat ei tabulas.

All hey that obserue, our lawes inuolablie,  
Shall euery where prospere, increase and multiplye

Christi lex

Then I perceyue well, my course is last of all.

Deus Pater

What thought it be so yet art thou pryncypall,  
Our all the worlde, thy beames shalt thou extende,  
And syll contynue, tyll the worlde be at an ende.

Christi lex.

Where shall I far bet, for that same tyme perseuer?

Deus Pater.

With the saythfull sort, must thou contynue euer,  
Thou shalt my people, retorne from farre exyle,  
And for euer more, to my grace reconcyle.

Tab









Actus primus

Take this precious booke, for a token eydent,  
A scale of my couenaunt, and a lyuynge testamēt.

Hic pro signo datei nouum testamentum

They that beleue it shall lyue for euermore,  
And they that do not, wyll rue their folye fore,

Blessed shall he be, that yow my lawes wyll kepe,  
In cytie and felde, whether he do worke or slepe,  
Hys wyfe shall increace, hys land shall frutyfye,  
And of hys enemyes, he shall haue vctorye.  
The styke wyll geuerayne, whā seasonable tyme shall  
The workes of hys hādes, shall haue prosperye. (be.  
Cursed shall they be, that wyll not our lawes fulfyll,  
Without and within, at market and at myll.  
Of coone and cattell, they shall haue non increafe,  
Within their owne howse, shall sorowes neuer cease  
Vicer shall they be, without byle, botche, or blayne,  
The pestylence & poxe, wyll worke the deadly paynes

Shewe this vnto Man, & byd hym take good hede,  
Of our ryghteousnesse, to stande alwayes in drede.  
We wysye the synne, and the great abhomynacyon,  
Of the wycked sort, to thirde and fowr generacyon.  
Thi lawe of Nature, instruct hym first of all,  
Thi lawe of Moses, correct hym for hys fall,

And thi lawe of Christ, geue hym a godly mynde,  
Ryse hym vnto grace, & saue hym from the synde,

A v Ove

De Legibus diuinis Comœdia.

Our heauenly blessinge, be with you every chone,  
Omnes simul.

All prayse and glory, to your maieste alone.

Christi lex.

Here styll to tarry, I thynke it be your mynde.

Naturæ lex.

My offyce ye knowe, is to instruct Mankynde.

Molch lex.

Than God be with you, we leaue ye here behynde,

Finit Actus primus

Incipit Actus secundus.

Naturæ lex.

Exeunt.

**T**he lawe in effect, is a teacher generall,  
What is to be done, & what to be layed asyde  
But as touchynge me the first lawe naturall

A knowledge I am whom God in Man doth hyde,  
In hys whole workynge, to be to hym a gyde,  
To honour hys God and seke hys neybers helth,  
A great occasion, of peace and publyque welth.

A soze charge I haue, Mankynde to ouer se.  
And to instruct hym, hys lorde God to obaye.  
That lorde of heauen graunt, I may so do my dewtie  
That he be pleased, and Man brought to a staye.  
Hys brytle nature, hys sylpernesse to waye.

Molch







Actus secundus.

Nath doth prouoke me. But if God set to hande,  
He shall do full wel. For non maye hym withstande,  
Infidelitas.

Brom, brom, brom, brom, brom. Bye brom bye

bye. Bromes for shoes and powderinges, botes and

bustyns for newe bromes/

Brom, brom, brom.

Marry God geue ye good euen.

And the holyman saynt Stren,

Sendeye a good newe yeare.

I wolde haue brought ye the pare.

O els anymage of ware.

If I had knowne ye heare.

I wyll my selfe so handle,

That ye shall haue a candle.

Whan I come hyther agayne

At thys your soden mocyon.

I was in soch deuocyon.



Naturæ lex. corrupta.

I had nere broke a wayne.

Naturæ lex.

That myght haue done ye smart.

Infidelitas.

No, no, it was but a fart,

For pastyme of my hart,

I wolde ye had it forsoth.

In scrupol in sowse,

But for noyaunce of the howse,

For easement of your toth,

Now haue I my dreame in dede,

God sende me wele to spede,

And sweete saynt Antony,

I thought I shuld mete a knaue,

And now that fortune I haue

Amonge this company.

Naturæ lex.

Why dost thou call me knaue?

Infidelitas.

I sayd. I wolde be your slaue,

If your grace wolde me haue,

And do your worke anon,

I wolde so rubbe your botes,

Therofe shuld from the rotes,

Whan ye shuld do them on,

Naturæ lex.

Thou art dysposed to mocke,

Sone mayst thou haue a knocke,







Actus secundus.

If thou with me so game.

Infidelitas.

Your mouth shall kysse my docke,

Your tonge shall it vnlocke,

But I saye what is your name?

Naturæ lex.

I am the lawe of Nature.

Infidelitas.

I thought so by your stature,

And by your auneynt gature,

Ye were of soch a rature,

Whan I first heard yespoke.

Ye commoned with God lately,

And now ye are hys bayly,

Man kynde to rule dyscretely,

Welcome syr huddy peke.

Naturæ lex.

If thou vse soch villanye.

I shall dysplease the trulye.

Infidelitas.

By the masse I the defye,

With thy whole cuckoldrye,

And all that with the holde.

Naturæ lex.

Why dost thou me blaspheme,

And so vngodly demee?

Infidelitas.

For by thys blessed booke,

I wane

Naturæ lex. corrupta,

I wot ye had bene a coke,  
And that made me so bolde,  
For a coke ones hauynge age  
With a face demure and sage,  
And auntyent to beholde.  
As you haue here in place,  
With a bearde vpon your face,  
What is he but a coke olde?

Naturæ lex.

Ye are dysposed to dallye,  
To leape and ouersallye,  
The compasse of your wyttes  
I counsell ye yet in season,  
Sumwhat to folowe reason,  
And gnawe vpon the bytte,

Infidelitas.

Then after our great madnesse,  
Let vs fall to some sadnesse,  
And tell me what ye in tende,

Naturæ lex.

God sent me vnto Man,  
To do the best I can,  
To cause hym to amende,

So che creatures as want reason,  
My rules obye yche season,  
And that in euery bordre.  
The sunne and mone doth mone,

With







With the other bodies aboue,  
And neuer breake their ordre.

The trees and herbes doth growe,  
The see doth ebbe and flowe,  
And varyeth not a nayle.  
The floudes and wholsom springes,  
With other naturall thynges,  
Their course do neuer fayle

The beastes and byrdes engendre,  
So do the fyshes tendre,  
Accordynge to their fyn de  
Alonelye man doth fall,  
From good lawes naturall,  
By a frowarde wycked mynde.

Infidelitas.

Now wyll I proue ye a liar,  
Next cosyne to a fryar,  
And on the gall ye rubbe.  
De saye thy folowe your lawe,  
And varye not a strawe,  
Whych is a tale of a tubbe!

The sunne ones in the clyppes  
Awaye the clerenesse slyppes  
And darkened is the daye,  
Of the planetes influence,

Trysteth





Actus secundus.

Not from lawes naturall,

Soynge hys busynesse.

Infidelitas.

And yow are the same lawe,

That kepe them vndre awe,

By yow most polytyke wytt:

Naturæ lex.

God hath appoynted me,

Manfynde to ouerse,

And in hys hart to sytt.

To teache hym, for to knowe,

In the creatures hygh and lowe,

Hys gloryouse mageste,

And on hys name to call,

Or power celestyall,

In hys necessyte,

To thynke hym euerlastynge,

And wonderfull in workynge,

And that he createth all,

Both gouerne and conserue.

From them he neuer swerue,

That to soch fayth wyll fall.

Infidelitas.

In dede here is good sport:

But why do yow resort,

Vnto this present place?

Naturæ lex.

B

Man

Naturæ lex corrupta

Man alwayes to exhort,  
To seke all helth and confort,  
Of the only God of graces;  
First in the hartes reioyce,  
And than with open voyce,  
To woris hypp hym alone.

Knowledgyngc hys deyte,  
Hys power and eternyte,  
Whan he shall make hys mones

Infidelitas:

I shall kepe ye as well from that,  
As my grandame kept her cat,  
from lyckynge of her creame.

Naturæ lex.

What wilt thu kepe me fro?  
Tell me ere thu farr her go,  
Me thynte thu art in a dreame.

Infidelitas.

from causynge of Manfynde,  
To geue to God hys mynde,  
Or hys obedyence.

Naturæ lex.

What is thy name? tell me.

Infidelitas.

Marry Insydelyte,  
Why chener wyll agre,  
To your benyuolence,

Naturæ lex.

Thu







Actus secundus

Thue cannyst not fepe me from man,

In fidelitas.

yet wyll I do the best I can,

To trouble ye now and than,

That ye shall not preuaile,

I wyll cause ydolatrie.

And most vyle sodomye,

To worke so on gracyouslye,

Ye shall of your purpose fayle:

Natura lex.

I desye the wycked synde,

With thy whole venemouse kynde,

God putteth now in my mynde,

To fle thy compaignye.

In fidelitas.

Ye are so blessed a Saynt,

And your self so wele can paynt,

That I must me acquaynt,

With yow no remedye.

Natura lex.

Auoyde this cruell enemye,

I wyll non of the trulye,

But shurne thy compaignye,

As I wolde the deuill of hells

In fidelitas.

Exit,

And are ye gone in dedes?

Small wyttam be your spede,

B ij

Except

Naturæ lex corrupta:

Except ye take good hede,  
I wyll be next of your counsell.

Now wyll I worke soch mastetie,  
By craftes and sutyle polycie,  
The lawe of nature to poyson.  
With pestylent ydolatrie,  
And with most stynkynge sodomye,  
That he shall haue no foyson.

Where are these vyllen knaues?  
The deuyls owne kydyn slaues,  
That them I can not se.

I coniure yow both here,  
And charge ye to apere,

Lyke two knaues as ye be.

Sodomismus.

Monachus.

Ambo is a name full cleane,  
Knowe ye not what I mean?  
Ant are so good a clarke.

Infidelitas.

By Tetragrammaton,  
I charge ye, apere anon,  
And come out of the darke.

Sodomismus.

Intransimus.

Haue in than at a dash,  
With swash myrre annet swash,  
Yet maye I not be to rash,

for







Actus secundus.

For my holy orders sake.

Idololatria.

Necromantie

Nor I sonne by my trouth,  
Eke caute a corage of flouth,  
And soch a comberouse couth,  
yeh wore nor what to do.

Inidelitas.

At Christmas and at Paskte.  
ye maye daunce the deuyll a maske,  
Whyls hys great cawdron plawe,  
yow soch a priati mynyon,  
And yow now in relygyon,  
Soch two I neuer sawe.  
Is not thynamic ydolatrie?

Sodomismus.

yes, an wholsom woman verelye,  
And wele seane in Phylosophye,  
Mennys fortunes she can tell,  
She can by sayenge her Aue marye,  
And by other charmes of soycerye,  
Eafe men of toth ake by and bye,  
yea, and fatche the deuyll from hell.  
She can mylke the cowe and hunte the fore,  
And helpe men of the ague and pore,  
So they brynge moneye to the boxe,  
Whan they to her make mone.  
She can fatche agayne all that is lost,  
And drawe drynke out of a rotten post,

B ij

Without



Natura lex corrupta.

Without the helpe of the holye Ghost,  
In workynge she is alone.

Infidelitas.

What, sumtyme thou wert an he,

Idololatria.

Yea, but now ych am a she,

And a good mydwylfe per de,

Yonge chyldren can I harme.

With whysperynge and whyssthynges,

With crosseynge and with kysynge

With blasynge and with blessinges,

That spretes do them no harme.

Infidelitas.

Then art thou lyke to Clisthene,

To Clodius and Euclides,

Sardinapalus and Hercules,

Whych themselves oft transfourmed,

Into a womannys lycenes,

With agylte and quykene,

But they had Venus sykene,

As writers haue declared.

Sodomismus.

Lette her tell fourth her matter.

Idololatria.

With holye oyle and watter,

I can so cloyne and clatter,

That I can at the latter,

Manye surtyltees contriue.

Jean





Actus secundus

I can worke wyles in battle,  
If I do ones but spattle,  
I can make come and cattle,  
That they shall neuer thryue.

Whan ale is in the farr,  
If the bruar please me nart,  
The east shall fall downe flat,  
And neuer haue any strength.  
No man shall tonne nor bafe,  
Nor meate in season make,  
If I agaynst hym take,  
But lose hys labour at length.

Their welllys I can vp drye,  
Cause trees and herbes to dye,  
And slee all pullerye,  
Whereas men doth me moue,  
I can make stoles to daunce,  
And carthen portes to prauce,  
That non shall them enhaunce,  
And do but cast my gloue.

I haue charmes for the plowgh,  
And also for the cowgh,  
She shall geue mylke ynowgh,  
So longe as I am pleased.  
I pace the mylle shall go,





Actus secundus.

When the daye is whote and sonnye,  
By the blessed rode of kent.

Sodomismus.

Saye fourth your mynde good mother,  
For this man is non other,  
But our owne lounge brother,  
And is very wele content.

Idololatria.

I neuer mysse but paulter,  
Our blessed ladyes psalter,  
Before saynt Savers anster,  
With my bedes ones a daye.  
And this is my commien cast,  
To heare Masse first or last.  
And the holy frydaye fast,  
In good tyme nowe I it saye.

With blessinges of Saynt Germyn,  
I wyll me so determyne,  
That neyther fore nor vermyne,  
Shall do my churkens harme.  
For your gese seke saynt Legearde,  
And for your duckes saynt Lenarde,  
For horse take Moyses yearde,  
There is no better charme.

Take me a naphyn folte,  
With the byas of a bolte,

B

fu

Naturæ lex corrupta

For the healyng of a colte,  
No better chynge can be.  
For lampes and for bortes,  
Take me saynt Wylfrides knottes,  
And holy saynt Thomas lottes,  
On my lyfe I warande ye.

For the cowngh take Judas care,  
With the paryng of a peare,  
And drynke them without feare  
If ye will haue remedy,  
Thre sypes are for the hycfock,  
And vi. more for the chycfock,  
Thus maye my praty pyckfock,  
Recouer by and by.

If ye can not slepe but slumber,  
Geue otes vnto saynt Oncumber,  
And beanes in a serten number,  
Vnto saynt Blase and saynt Blythes  
Geue onyons to saynt Cuckale,  
And garlyke to saynt Crysale,  
If ye will shurne the head ake,  
Ye shall haue them at quene hythe.

A dramme of a shpees tyrdle,  
And good saynt Frances gyrdle,  
With the hamlet of an hyrdle,









Actus secundus.

Are wholesome for the pyper  
Besyde these charmes afore,  
I haue feates many more,  
That I kepe styll in store,  
Whome now I ouer hyper.

Infidelitas.

It is a spoare I throwe,  
To heare how she out blowe,  
Her witche craftes on a rowe,  
By the Masse I must nedes smile,  
Now I praye the lete me knowe,  
What sedest that thou canst sowe,  
Mankynde to ouer throwe,  
And the lawe of nature begyle.

Sodomismus.

My selfe I so behaue,  
And am so vyle a knaue,  
As nature doth depaue,  
And vicerlye abhoire.  
I am soche a vyce trulye,  
As God in hys great furye,  
Sedponnysh most terryblye,  
In Sodome and in Gomorre.

In the fleshe I am a fyre,  
And soch a vyle desyre,  
As brynge men to the myre,  
Of foule concupyscence.

Naturæ lex corrupta.

We two togyther beganne,  
To sprynge and to growe in manne,  
As Thomas of Aquyne scanne,  
In the fort boke of hys sentence,

I dwelt amonge the Sodomytes,  
The Beniamytes, and Madyanytes,  
And now the popyshe hypocrytes.

Embrace me euerie where.

I am now become all spyrytuall,  
For the clergie at Rome and ouer all,  
For want of wyues to me doth fall,  
To God they haue no feare.

The chyldren of God I ded so moue,  
That they the daughters of men ded loue,  
Wolynge soch wayes as ded not behoue;  
Tyll the floude them ouer went.  
With Noes sonne Cha I was half boynd,  
Whan he hys dronken father scorned.  
In the Gomorytes I also reigned,  
Tyll the hand of God them brenned.

I was with Onan not vnaquaynted,  
Whan he on the grounde hys increase shed,  
For me hys bretherne Ioseph accused,  
As Genesis doth tell.

Dauid ones warned all men of vs two,







Actus secundus.

Do not as mules and horses will do,  
Confounded be they that to ymages go,  
Those are the wayes to hell.

Both Esaye and Ezechiel,  
Both Hieremy and Daniel,  
Of vs the abhominacions tell,  
With the prophetes euerychon,  
For vs two God strake with fyre & matter,  
With battayle, with plagues & fearfull matter,  
With paynefull cryle, than at the latter,  
Into Egypt and Babylon.

As Paule to the Romanes testyfy,  
The gentyles after Idolatrye,  
Fell to soch bestyall Sodomye,  
That God ded them forsake.  
Who foloweth vs as he confesse,  
The kyngedem of God shall neuer possesse,  
And as the Apocalypse expresse,  
Shall synke to the burnynge lake.

We made Thalon and Eophocles,  
Thamiras, Nero, Agathocles,  
Tiberius and Aristoteles,  
Themselues to vse vnnaturallie  
Taught Aristo and Fuluius,  
Semiramis and Bouthsius,

Crathea,

Nature lex corrupta:  
Crathes, Syliscus, and Pontius,  
Beastes to abuse most monstrouslye.

Infidelias.

Marry thou art the deuyl himselfe,  
Idololatrya.

If ye knewe how he coulde pelfe,  
Ye wolde saye he were soch an elfe.  
As non vnder heauen were els  
Infidelias.

The fellowe is wele decked,  
Dysgyssed and wele necked,  
Both knauehalde and pryepked,  
Belacketh nor hynges but beloe  
Sodomismus.

In the first age I beganne,  
And so perseuerde with manne,  
And styll wyll if I canne,  
Solong as he endure.

If monkyshe sectes renue,  
And popyshe prestes contynue,  
Whych are of my retynue,  
To lyue I shall be sure.

Cleane Marryage they forbyd,  
Yet can not their wayes be hyd,  
Men knowe what hath betyd,  
Whan they haue bene in parell.  
Of haue they buryed quicke,







Actus secundus

Such as were neuer sycke,  
Full many a piopie trycke,  
They haue to helpe their quarell,

In Rome to me they fall,  
Both Byshopp and Cardynall,  
Monke, fryer, priest and all.

More ranke they are than antea  
Example in pope Iulye,  
Whych sought to haue in hys furye,  
Two laddes, and to vse them beastlye,  
From the Cardynall of Nantes.

Insidelicas.

Well, yow two are for my mynde,  
Steppe fourth and do your kynde,  
Leaue neuer a poynt be hynde,  
That maye corrupt in man,  
The lawe wryt in hys hart.  
In hys flesh do thy part.  
And hys soule to peruart,  
Do thou the best thou can.

Ad Eodo.

Ad Idol.

Here haue I praye gynnes,  
Both brouches, beades and pynnes,  
With such as the people wyntes,  
Vnto ydolatrie.

Take thou part of them here,  
Beades, rynges, and osher gere,

Ad Idol.

And

Natura lex corrupta.

And shoulde the bestere,  
To deceyue Man properlye.

Take thys same staffe and scryppe,  
With a God here of a chyppe,  
And good beldame forewarde hypppe,  
To set fourth pylgrymage.

Set thu fourth Sacramentals,  
Saye dyrge and synge for trentals,  
Stodye the popes Secretals,  
And mixe them with buggerage,

Ad Sodo.

Here is a scoole for the,  
A ghostlye father to be,  
To heare, Benedicite.

A boxe of creame and doyle.

Here is a purse of rellyckes,  
Ragges, rotten bones, and styckes,  
A taper with other tryckes,  
Shewethem in euery soyle.

Ad Idol.

Sodomismus.

I wyll corrupt Gods Image,  
With most vnlawfull vsage,  
And bynge hym into dottage,  
Of all concupyscence,

Idololatria.

Within the flesh thou art,  
But I dwell in the hart,

And







Nature let corrupt,  
And wyll the foule peruart,  
From Gods obedyence,  
Infidelias.

Spare non ab homynacyon,  
Nor detestable fashyon,  
That mannyes ymagynacyon,  
By wyte maye compehende,  
To quyeten our spietes amonge,  
Synge now some myrry songe,  
But lete it not be longe,  
Acass we to moch offende.

Post canticum, Infidelitas alia uoce di-  
cet. Oremus.

**O**mnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui ad imaginem  
& similitudinem nostram formasti laicos, da  
quasi sumus, ut sicut eorum sudoribus uiuimus,  
ita eorum uxoribus, filiabus & domicellis per-  
petuo frui mereamur. Per dominum nostrum Papam.

Infidelitas.

Now are these whoresons forth,  
It wyll be somwhat worth,  
To se how they wyll worke,  
The one to poyson the harte,  
The other the ourwarde part,  
Ingenyously wyll lurke,

The lawe of nature they wyll,  
Infect, corrupt and spyll.

C

Wyll

Naturæ lex corrupta  
With their abhominacyon.  
Idolatry with wyckednesse,  
And Sodomy with fylthyneſſe,  
To hye moſt utter dampnacyon.

Theſe two wyll hym ſo uſe,  
Thone in their abuſe,  
And wrappe hym in ſoch euyll,  
That by their wycked caſt,  
He ſhall be at the laſt  
A morſell for the deuyll.

Now vnderneeth her wynges,  
Idolatry hath kynges,  
With their nobyltye.  
Both dukes, lordes, knyghtes and earles,  
Fayre ladyes with their pearles,  
And the whole commenalte.

Within the bownes of Sodomye,  
Doth dwell the ſpirytuall clergie,  
Pope, Cardinall and pryſt.  
Monke, Chanon, Monke and fryre,  
With ſo many els as do deſyre,  
To reigne vnder Antichriſt.

Deceſtyng matrymonye,  
They lyue abhominablye,

And







Actus secundus

And burne in carnall lust,  
Shall I reilye farther newes?  
At Rome for prelates are strewed,  
Of both kyndes. Thys is iust.

The lawe of Nature I thynke,  
Wyll not be able to wynke,  
Agaynst the assaultes of them.  
They hauinge so hygh prelates,  
And so manye great estates,  
From hens to Hierusalem.

Pause now a lyttle whyle,  
Myne eares doth me begyle,  
If I heare not a sonnde.  
Yen folke hath sped I gesse,  
It is so by the Messe,  
Awaye now wyll I rounde.

Exit.

Naturæ lex.

I thynke ye maruele, to se soch alteracyon,  
At thys tyme in me, whom God left here so pure?  
Of me it cometh not, but of mannys operacyon,  
Whome dayly the deuyll, to great synne doth allure,  
And hys nature is, full bryttle and vnshure.  
By hym haue I gotte thys fowle dyscase of bodye,  
And as yese here, am new throwne in a leprye.

I wrought in hys hart, as God bad earnestlye,

C ij

Sym

Actus secundus.

Hym oft promysynge, to loue God ouer all,  
With the inner powers. But that false Idolatrye,  
Hath hym peruerred, by slayghres dyabolycall.  
And so hath Sodomye, through hys abuses carnall.  
That he is now lost, offendynge without measure,  
And I corrupted, to my most hygh dyspleasure.  
I abhoire to tell, the abusyons bestyall.  
That they daylye vse, whych boast their chastytie  
Some at the aulter, to incontynency fall,  
In confessyon some, full beastly occupied be.  
Amonger the close nonnes, reigneth hys enomye,  
Such chyldren slee they, as they chauncer foire haue,  
And in their prynces, proude them of their graue.

Ye Christen rulers, sayow for this a waye,  
Be not illuded, by false hypocresye.  
By the stroke of God, the worlde wyll els decaye  
Permyt prestes rather, Gods lawfull remedye  
Than they shuld incurre, most bestyall Sodomye.  
Regarde not the pope, nor yet hys whoyshe kyngedome  
For he is the master, of Gomor and of Sodome.  
With Man haue I bene, whych hath me thus deu  
With Idolatrye, and vncleane Sodomye. (syled,  
And wote hye I am, from God to be exyled,  
Pyrie me yet lord, of thy most bounteous mercye.  
I wyll fourth & mourne, tyll thou sende remedye  
Promyse hast thou made, to a gloriouse libertie,  
To bynge heauē & earth, thā wylt thou (I trust) re  
store me.







**Incipit Austerlin.**

**Moseh lex.**

**B**eleide perceyuyng, hys first lawe thus corrupted,

**W**ith uncleane vyces, sent me hys lawe of Moses,

To se hym for synne, substancyallye corrected,

And brought in agayne, to a trade of godlynes.

For I am a lawe, of rygour and of hardenes.

I strayghtly commaunde, and if it be not done,

I threaten, I curse, and slee in my anger sone,

To God I requyre, a perfyght obedyence,

Condemnyng all soch, as do it not in effect.

I shewe what synne is, I hurde soe many's cōfession

To hym am I death, when hys lyfe is infect.

Yet if he take hede, to Christ I hym direct,

For geueneesse to haue, with lyght, helth & saluacyon,

Least he shuld dyspayre, & fall into dampnacyon.

**Infidelitas.**

**Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,**

A pastyme quoth A, I knowe not the tyme nor when,

I ded laugh so moch, sens I was an honest man.

Beleue me and ye wyll, I neuer sawe soch a sport.

I wolde ye had bene there, that ye myght haue made  
the sent.

**Moseh lex.**

Where woldest haue had mee tell me good brother  
whyne.

**C ij Inl,**

Moseh lex corrupta:

Infidelitas.

At the Mynoraſſe ſer, late yeſter nyght at complyne.

Moseh lex.

At the Mynoraſſe: Why. what was there a do?

Infidelitas.

For ſoch an other, wolde I to Southampton go.

In dede yeſter dawe, it was their dedycacyon

And thydre in Gods name, came I to ſe the faſhyon.

An olde fyre ſtode forth, with ſpectacles on hys noſe

Begynnyng e thys Anteme, a my ſayth I do not gloſe

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Lapides precioſi.

Moseh lex.

And what ded ſolewe of thys?

Infidelitas.

I ſhall tell ye ſer by Gods blys.

Then came Dame Iſbell, an olde wone & a celme.

Crownyng lyke a capon, and thus began the Pſalme.

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Sape expugnauerunt me a iuuentute mea.

Moseh lex.

And what includeth thys myſtery?

Infidelitas.







Actus Tertius.

Infidelitas.

A simple probleme of bytcherye.  
Whan the fyre begōne, Afore the Nonne,  
To synge of piecyouse stones.  
From my son th saye the, They haue confort me,  
As it had bene for the nones.

Moschler.

I assure the playne, I set not by soch gaudes,  
Thy vsage shewe the, to be brought vp amōge baudes  
Infidelitas.

It was a good world, whā we had soch wholsō stoyes  
Preached in our churche, on sondayes & other feryes,  
With vs was it merye,  
Whan we went to Berge.

And to our lady of grace,  
To the bloude of hayles,  
Whereno good there fayles,  
And other holye place.

Whan the prestes myght walke,  
And with yonge wyues talke.  
Than had we chyl dren pleny.  
Than cuckoldes myght leape,  
A score on a heape.

Now is there not one to twentye.  
Whan the Monkes were fatte,  
And ranke as a ratte.

With bellyes lyke a Boie.

Moseh lex corruptus

Then all thynges were bere,  
Both befe, breade and bere.  
Now grudge the iourers soe.

When Bysshoppes myght burne,  
And from the truth turne,  
The syllye simple soule,  
Than durst no man create,  
Open mouthe nor speake,  
Of Chust nor yet of Powle.

Now are the Mauesholde,  
With Scriptures to holde,  
And teache them euery where,  
The carter, the sower,  
The bodger, the clowter,  
That all wyll awaye I fere.

As so they pulle,  
Our lynnges are dulle,  
We are now lyke to fall.  
If we do not fyght,  
For the churches ryght,  
By the Messe we shall lose all.

But I praye ye ser, tell me what is your name?

Moseh lex.

The lawe of Moses, to lye I were to blame.

Infidelitas.







**Actus tertius.**

**Infidelitas.**

**In these same parties, what do ye now intende?**

**Moseh lex.**

**Man kynde to reforme, that he hys lyfe amende.**

**I shewe what synne is, & what thyng pleaseth god,**

**I conforthe the iust, and the yll I ponnysch with rod.**

**The comen people, haue thought it commodycouse,**

**Synnersse Goddes to haue, with rytes superstycouse.**

**My commaundement is, to seke one God alone,**

**And in all their nedes, to hym to make their mone,**

**Amonge the Gentyles, was it thought no iniurie,**

**If a man wer hurt, to slea hys aduersarye.**

**This thyng I forbyd, and saye, thus shalt not kyll,**

**Lawe is the reuenger, the man maye do no yll.**

**Some persones there are, that inordynatlye loue,**

**Those are perswaded, all thynges them to behoue,**

**Whych I inhydyte, saynge continuallye,**

**No rape shalt thou do, nor yet commyt adoucerye,**

**Thus shalt do no theft, nor couere that is nat thyne,**

**Agaynst thyncyber, shalt thou not falsely dysfynne.**

**Infidelitas.**

**We maye do nothyng, if we be pynned in thus,**

**Neither yow nor God, to that harde trade shall bynne**

**ge vs.**

**We must haue one God, & worshyp hym alone,**

**Many that in dede, wolde make a Turke to gone.**

**E. p. 37**

Mofeh lex corrupta.

If we be ftryken, we maye not ftryke agayne?  
A proper bargayne; and dyscreetelye vttered playnes.  
For companyes sake, ye faye we maye not loue.  
I defye your word, and to yett there is my gloue.

Mofeh lex.

What, thu wilt not fyght: thy wyttes are better thā  
Infidelitas. (fo)

In the quarell of loue, I fhall proue ye ere I go,  
By the Mefle I thynke, to put ye to your fence.

Mofeh lex.

Thu were moche better, to kepe thy praeence.

Infidelitas.

Naye by cockes fowle frynd, I muft lay ye on the coate  
In loues caufe to fyght, ye maye fowle haue me a floate  
Naye, haue at your pylde, defende ye if ye maye.

Mofeh lex.

Such a fole art thu, as feke thyne owne decaye;  
If I ones meddle, to the it wyll be deatch.  
Oedyst thu neuer hear, that lame fleath i hye wreath

Infidelitas.

By the blessed lorde, than wyll I playe Robfons part.

Mofeh lex.

Whye, what part wilt thu playe?

Infidelitas.

By cockes fowle gent ouer, fo fone as I fele smart.

Mofeh lex.

It wyll be to late, if I ones cupple with the.

Infidelitas.

Then





Aus tertius.

Then let me alone, and we shall sone agre,  
And I shall be glad, to be acquainted with ye.

Moseh lex.

Acquaintaunce good fellowe, thou mayst sone haue of  
Insidelitas. (me.

The worst fault I haue, I am hastye now and then,  
But it is sone gone, I toke it of a woman.

But what meane those tables, that ye haue in your  
Moseh lex. (handes.

Bepe silence a whyle, and thou shalt vnderstande.

Thre thynges I declare, the first are the preceptes  
morall.

Next, the lawes iudycial, & last the rites & ceremonyall

The morall preceptes, are Gods commaundementes ten,

Whych ought euermore, to be obserued of all men.

The lawes of Nature, the morall preceptes declare,

And y<sup>e</sup> pleasur workes, to God they teache & prepare

They sturre man to sayth, & prouoke hym also to loue

To obeye, to serue, and to worshypp God aboue.

In two stony tables, God wrote them first of all,

That they shuld remayne, as thynges continuall.

The first hath but thre, whych tēde to Gods hygh ho-  
nour,

Seue hath the seconde, & they concerne our neybour.

The first doth expounde, the first lawe naturall,

The next the other, makynge them very formall.

In spete is the first, y<sup>e</sup> we shuld God honour & loue,

To outward workynge, the seconde doth vs moue.

For by dyng



Moseh lex corrupta.

Forbyddynge all wrōges, preseruyng lust marryage,  
Nouryshynge true peace, and other godly vsage.

Infidelitas.

What is the effect, of your lawes Iudreyall?

Moseh lex.

Soch thynges to cōmaunde, as are cyuyle or tēporall.

From vyce to refrayne, and outwarde iniurye,

Quyet to conserue, and publyque honestie.

These are to support, the lawes of the seconde table.

Ceremonyall rytes are also commendable,

In holy dayes, garmētes, temples & consecracyons,

Sacrifyces & vomes, with offerynges & expiacyōs

Whych are vnto Christ, as fygure, types & shadowes

As Paule doth declare, in hys pystle to the Hebraica.

These are only fygures, & outwarde testymonyes,

No man is persyghe, by soch darke ceremonyes.

Only pertyne they, vnto the thirde cōmaundement,

Of the Sabbath daye, tyll Christ the lorde be present.

In hys death endyng, the whole Iudaycal presthode.

Infidelitas.

Good dayes myghte ye haue, ye speake it full wele by  
the rode.

I am a poore lad, & by my trouthe bent earnestlye,

To maye vpon ye, and to be your very lastye.

Moseh lex.

What





Actus Tertius

What art thou called, I praye the hartelye.

Infidelitas.

Grave fyre am I non, by the Masse I ca not flatter.  
I am Infydelyte, to tell the truth of the matter.

Molch lex.

And hast thou so longe, dyssembled thyne with me?  
Infidelitas.

Yea, for aduantage, to smell out your subtyltye.  
Molch lex.

Quoyde hens I saye, thus false Infydelyte.  
Infidelitas.

Vlaye that I wyll not, by yngham Trynnyte.  
Molch lex.

Wyle thou not in dede, thā wyll I set hyther the poure  
Of iudges & kynge, to subdue the with thyne houre.  
Infidelitas.

Exit.

Such knyghtes wyll I haue, as shall cōfounde the all  
As Sadducees & scrybes, with the sect pharysayes  
By helpe of my chyldren Idolatry and Sodomye.  
The lawe of Nature, I fest one in a lepaye.

I haue yet two more, Ambycyon & Couetousnes,  
Whych wyll do as moch, to the lawe of Moses.

Where are my whoresons, that they come not awaye.  
Auaritia. Iurisconsultus.

Yea, whoreson on thy face, euen in thy best araye.

I wyll thou knowe it, I am a worshipfull Doctor,  
A Scribe in the lawe, and a profyttable proctor.

Infidelitas

Expp



Moseh lex corrupta.

Copper with a vengeance, how comest thou so aloft?

Auaritia.

I shall tell the man, if thou wilt commen more soft.

By fayned flatterye, and by coloured adulatorye.

Ambycyon here also, rose out of a lyke foundacyon.

Infidelitas.

Come, ayme blessinge, lyke piaty boyes apace.

Ambitio.

I wyll nor bowe sure, to sech a folysh face.

Infidelitas.

Aye blessinge I saye, and make me nomore a do.

Ambitio.

Unsemylye were it, we prelates shuld do so.

Auaritia.

For no compulsyon, wyll I do it by swete Marye.

Infidelitas.

I must fatche ye in, there is no remedye.

I noughty whose so, haue I brought ye up hitherto.

And knowe not your father: ye shal drynke both ere I

Ambo simul.

Nomore at this tyme, forsooth we crye a mercye.

Infidelitas.

Downe on your knees thā, & ayme blessinge shortly.

Ambo simul.

Blesse me gentyll father, for swete saynt Marye.

Infidelitas.

ryse noughty knaves, God lette ye neuer to see.

though amāge our selues, we murmur, bragge &  
face,

Somtyme







Austerius.

Somtyme for lucre, somtyme for the hyghar place,  
Yet for aduantage, in thys we all agre,  
To blynde the rulers, and deceyue the commynalte.

Auaritia.

Art aduysed of that, by the Messe we are in dede,  
Yet of our knaueryes, the soles wyll neuer take hede.

To labour with a spade,  
Our colour wolde it fade,  
We mayenot with that trade.  
We loue somoch our ease,  
We must lyue by their sweate,  
And haue good drynke and meate,  
Whan they haue not to eate,  
The substance of a pease.

We leade them in the darke,  
And so their conseyence marke,  
That sturdy they are and starke,  
In euery wycked euill.  
We teache ydolatrie,  
And laugh full merelye,  
To soych compaignye,  
Ronne headlondesto the deuyll.

If we maye haue the tythynges,  
And profytable offerynges,  
We care not so what doynges,

They

Mose lex corrupta

They customablye fall.

We are soch mercenaryes  
And subtyle proprietaryes,  
As from the flock all carryes,  
The wolfe, stynne, flesh and all.

In our perambulacyons,  
We loke for commendacyons,  
And lowlye salutacyons,

In temple, howse and strete.  
Our lowfelyetyne howres,  
In howres and in bowres,  
The poore people deuowres,  
And treade them vnder fete.

Ambitio.

I am Ambycyon, whose dysposycyon,

In honour to appere,  
I gape for empyre, And wasshypp desyre,  
As Minos ded in Crete.

I loke vp Aloft, and loue to lye soft,  
Not carynge for my flocke.

Haue I ones the fiese, with pyggea, lambes & geese  
They maye go turne a socke.

Lucifer I made, So hyghly to wade,

To God he wolde be equall,  
Of Adam & Eue, I slewe the beloue,  
And caused them to fall.

What







Actus tertius.

What nede I rehearce. The gyauntes most scarce,  
With the buylders of Babell.  
Nemrod the tyraunt, with them there applyaunt,  
Agreed to my counsell.

From me wolde not go, Cruell Pharao,  
Nomore wolde Amalech,  
Saul, Achitophel, Absolon, Zesabel,  
Nor Adonisedech.

I made Roboam, And Hieroboam,  
With Nabuchedonosor.  
Triphon, Alchimus, and Simon magus,  
To abuse them euermor.

In pryde I excede, And no people fede,  
But with lyes for aduauntage.  
As Mantuane tell, To leade men to hell,  
Is my most comen vsage.

Hygh thynges I attempt, And wyll mee exempt,  
From prynces iury sdyccyon.  
I am sech an euyl, As brynge to the deuyl,  
Without anye contradyccyon.  
Infidelitas.

Here is a piclare, euen for myne owne touth,  
Soch an other is, not in the whole south.  
Clappe thou somwhat more, as thou hast begonne,

D

I lyke

Moseh lex. corrupta,  
I lyke wele your talkyng, by the holy Nunne,  
Auaritia.

I Couetyse am, The deuyl or hys dam,  
for I am insacyate.  
I rauyshe and plucke, I drawe and I sucke,  
After a weluysh rate.

Father nor mother, Syster nor brother,  
I spare not in my moode.  
I feare neyther God, Nor hys ryghtfull rod,  
In gatherynge of goode.

Both howse and medowe, from the pooer wydowe,  
I spare not for to take.  
Ryght beyres I rob, And as bare as Job  
The fatherles I make.

With me toke Nadab, Nabal and Achab,  
With all the clergye of Bell.  
Judab and Giezi, with the sones of heli,  
And the sonnes of Samuel.

Jannes and Jambres, Also Diotrefhes,  
Wrought wylfull wyckednesse.  
So ded Menelaus, with false Andronicus,  
And all for Couetousnesse.  
Ambitio.

With voyces seven, I close vp heauen,

And,







Actus tertius.

And speare vp paradyce.  
I open hell, By my counsell,  
Maynteynyng every vyce.

Auaritia,

For syluer and golde, with falsehed I holde,  
Supportynge euery euyl.

I haue it mawe, for to choke the lawe,  
And bynge all to the deuyl.

Infidelitas,

By the blessed trynyte, No men more fyr for me,  
To do my busynes.

Ambycyon to begyle, And Auaryce to defyle,  
The lawe of Moyses.

Tell me first of all, what wylt thou do Ambycyon.

Ambitio.

I am thine owne chylde, thou knowest my dysposycyon,  
I wyll sure do, as ded the Phyllystynes.

Infidelitas.

Why, what ded those knaues?

Ambitio,

They stopped vp Abrahams pyttes, as Genesis diffines  
With mudde & with myre, & left them full vncleane

Infidelitas.

By that same practyse, tell me what thou dost meane:

Ambitio,

With fylt by gloses, and dyrtty expositiouns,  
Of Gods lawe wyll I hyde, the pure dysposycioun,  
The keye of knowledge, I wyll also take awaye,

D ij

By

Moseh lex corrupta.

By wrastynge the text, to the scriptures sore decaye:  
Infidelitas.

And what wylt thou do, my fellowe Couetousnes?  
Auaritia.

A wayle wyll I spiede, vpon the face of Moses,  
That nō shal perceyue, the clerenes of hys cōtenaūce.  
Whych is of the lawe, the meanyng & true ordynaūce  
Infidelitas.

Why, what wyll ye saye, vnto y<sup>e</sup> ten cōmaundemētes?  
Ambitio.

We must poyson i hem, with wyll workes & good in-  
tentes.

Where as God doth saye, No straunge goddest thou  
shalt haue,

With Sayntes worshyppynge, that clause we wyll  
depraue.

And though he cōmaunde, to make no carued ymage,  
for a good intent yet wyll we haue pylgrymage.

Though he wyll vs not, to take hys name in vayne,  
With tradycyons yet, therunto wyll we constrayne.

No Sabbath wyl we, with Gods worde sanctyfy,

But with lyppe labour, and ydle ceremonye.

To father and mother, we maye owe non obedyence,

Our relygyon is, of so great excellence.

Though we do not slee, yet maye we heretykes burne,

If they wyll not sone, from holy scripture turne.

What though it be sayd, Thou shalt do no fornicacye,  
yet





Actus Tertius.

Yet wyll we mayntene, moch greater abhomynacyon  
Though theft be forbyd, yet wyll we continuallye,  
Robbe the poore people, through prayer & purgatorie  
God hath inhybited, to geue false testimonye,  
Yet we wyll condemne, the Gospell for heresye.

We shuld not couete, our neybers howse nor wyse,  
Hys seruaunt nor beast, yet are we therein most ryse.  
Of me make we swyne, by the draffe of our tradycyōs  
And cause the nothyng, to regard but superstycyōs.  
As dog yes vnreasonable, on most vyle carren fede,  
So wyll we cause them, seke ydolles in their neede.

And alwayes their groude, shall be, for a good inter.

Infidelitas:

More myscheues I trowe, the deuylt coulde not inuete  
Than yow two can do, by the Messe ye are alone,  
Lytle coulde I do, were ye ones from me gone,  
To the corruptyng, of the lawe of Moyses,  
So forwardet herfor, in your deceytfulnes.

Auaritia.

With superstycyons, the Jewes ceremonyall lawes,  
I wyll so handle, they shall not be worth ij. strawes.  
The lawes Judycyall, through careles and delays,  
I wyll also drowne, so all ryghteous menys decays.  
To set this forward, we must haue sophystre,  
Phylosophye and Logyck, as scyence necessarye.  
The byshoppes must holde, their prestes in ignorance



Moseh lex corrupta,  
With longe latyne houres, least knowledge to them  
chaunce.

Lete them haue lögemattens, löge cūfonges & löge  
Masses.

And that wyll make them, as dull as euer were asses.  
That they shall neuer, be able to prophecie,  
Or yet preach the truth, to our great iniurie.

Lete the cloysterers, be brought vp euer in sylence,  
Without the scriptures, in payne of dysobedyce.  
Se the laye people, praye neuer but in latyne,  
Lete them haue their Crede, and seruyce all in latyne  
That, a latyne beleue, maye make a latyne sorle,  
Lete them nothyng knowe, of Christ nor yet of powle

If they haue Englysh, lete it be for aduantage,  
For pardons, for Dyrges, for offerynges and pylgry-  
mage.

I recken to make them, a newe Crede in a whyle,  
And all in Englysh, their consyēce to begyle.

Infidelitas,

Rehearse vnto me, the Artycles of that Crede.

Auaritia,

The artycles are these, geue care and take good hede  
First they shall beleue, in our holy father Pope,  
Next in hys decrees, and holy decretala.

Then in holy church, with sencer, crosse and cope,  
In the Ceremonies, and blessed Sacramētala.

In.





**Actus tertius,**

In purgatory then, in pardons and in trentals,  
In praynge to sayntes, and in saynt frāces whoode,  
In our lady of Grace, and in the blessed roode.  
They shall beleue also, in relickes and relygyon,  
In our ladyes psalter, in fre wyll and good wurkes.  
In the ember dayes, and in the popes remyssyon,  
In bedes and in belles, not vsed of the turkes.  
In the golden Masses, agaynst sedh spretes as lurkes  
With charmes and blessinges. Thys crede wyll bynne  
gein moneye.

In Englysh therfor, we wyl it clarkely cōuey.

**Infidelitas,**

Yea, and burne the knaues, that wyll not beleue that,  
crede.

That into the dytche, the blynde the blynde maye lede

**Ambicio,**

Then I holde it best, that we alwayes condempne,  
The Byble readers, least they our actes contempne.

**Infidelitas,**

Yea, neuer spare them, but euermore playe t'he bytar,  
Expressynge alwayes, the tropes and types of thymy-  
tar.

**Ambicio,**

Why, what dost thou thynke, my mytar to sygnysy?

**Infidelitas,**

The mouth of a wolfe, and that shall I proue by & by.  
If thou stoupe downeward, loo, se hom the wolfe doth  
gape.

**Redye,**

Moseh lex corrupta.

Redye to deuoure, the lambes, least any escape.  
But thy woluyf hnesse, by thre crownes myll I hyde,  
Makynge the a pope, & a capayne of all pryde.  
That whan thou doest slee, soch as thy lawes coureþne  
Thou mayst saye, Not I, but the powers ded them con-  
dempne.

These Labels betokene the lawes of senen & can non  
Ambitio.

I trowe thou woldest saye, the ij. lawes Cynyle & Ca-  
Infidelitas. (non.

As I spake I thought, & styll t hynke by saynt Johan  
Yea, persecute styll the instructors of the people.  
And thou Couetousnesse, let no bell ryng i steple,  
With out a profyght. Tush, take moneye euery whear  
Sorygh clyppe and shaue, that thou leaue neuer a  
Auaritia. (heare

I caused the pope, to take bnt now of late,  
Of the Graye fryres, ro haue canonyzate,  
Franciscus de pola, thre thousand ducates and more,  
And as noch besydes he had not longe afore,  
For a Cardynall harte, of the same holy order,  
Thus drawe we to vs, great goodes frd euery border.  
Pope Clement the seueth payed ones for hys papacye  
Thre hddred thousand, good ducates of lawful monye  
Infidelitas.

I marnele how he, coulde come to so moch good.

Auaritia.

Yea, yea, by pollage, and by shedynge Christen blood.  
Crosero





Moseh lex. corrupta;  
Where they shall suppe or dyne;

Couetousnes myll warke, That many one shall barke,  
Lyke dogges agaynst the truth.  
Some shall Gods worde defyle, & some wyll it reuyle  
Soch beastlynesse enfurh.

Ambreyon hath thys houre All the whole spirytuall,  
poure

And maye do what hym lust.

Now couetousnesse doth rule, And hath both horse &  
mule,

All matters by hym dyscuss.

Now byshoprykes are solde, & the holy ghost for gold

The pope doth bye and sell.

The truth maye not be tolde, vndre paynes manyfolds  
With sendynges downe to hell.

The people prestes do famysh, And their goodes fro  
them rauysh.

Yea, and all the worlde they blynde.

All prynces do they mock, And robbe the syllye flocke  
Nothyng they leaue behynde.

On the face of Moyses, A vayle they haue cast dou  
ghelco.

The lyght of the lawe to hyde.

Least Me to Christ shuld come, fro ceremonies dome  
As to their heauenly gyde.

The lawe can neuer be, at anye lyberte;

Where.





Actus tertius,

Where such two enemyes raigne,  
Now is it tyme to walke, of thys more wyll I talke,  
whan I come hyther agayne.

Moseh lex.

Exit.

If pytie maye mone, your gentyll christen hartes,  
Lete it now sturreye, to mourne thys heanye chalice.  
Two enemyes with me, haue played most wycked par  
tes.

And lest me starke blynde, God knoweth to my soie  
grenaunce,

And I thinke also, to your more hynderaunce.  
To leade yow to Christ somtyme, a gyde I was.  
Now am I so blynde, I can not do it, Alas.

Most rygorously, those enemyes now of late.  
Ded fall vpon me, and spoyle me of my syght.  
One was Ambycyon, which euer ought me hate,  
And Couerousnesse the other enemye hyght.  
Now forseth and God, in their most cruell spyght,  
The one made me blynde, the other made me lame,  
And whā they had done, ther at they had great game

Thus a blynde crypple, I wander here alone,  
Abdyng the tyme, and grace of restauracyon,  
By the sonne of God To whom I make my mone,  
My cause to pytie, and graunt me supportacyon,  
Least I be left here, to vtrer desolacyon,  
And extreme decaye, without any remedye,



Moseh lex corrupta.

If he ded not helpe, of goodnesse and of mercye,

ye christen prynces, God hath geuen you the poure,  
With scepture and swerde, all vyces to correct.  
Let not Ambycyon, nor Couetousnesse deuoure,  
your faythfull subiectes, nor your offycers infect.  
Haue to your clergie, a dylygent respect  
And se they do not corrupt the lawes of God,  
For that doth requyre, a terribble heauye rod.

God gaue me to man, and lest me i tables of stone,  
That I of hardenesse a lawe shuld speecyfe,  
But the pharysees, corrupted me anone,  
And toke from me cleane, the quyuernes of bodye,  
With clerenesse of syght, & other pleasures manye.  
Now wyll I to Christ, that he maye me restore,  
To more perfeccyon, than euer I had afore.

Finis Actus tertius.

Incipit Actus quartus.

Euangelii.



Vnfaithfulness hath corrupted every  
Lawe,

To the gret decaye, of Adams postes  
ryte.

Were it nott for me, whych now do  
hyther drawe,

All flesch wolde perysh, no man shuld saued be.

I am





Actus quartus,

I am Christes Gospell, and infallyble veryte,  
Sech a power of God, as saueh all that beleue,  
No burden nor yoke, that any man wyll greue.

In the bloude of Christ, I am a full forgiuenesse,  
Where sayth is grounded, with a sure confydence.  
I am soch a grace, and so hygh tydynges of gladnesse,  
As rayse the synner, and pacysse hys consyence.  
I am sperte and lyfe, I am necessarye scyence,  
I requyre but loue, for mānys impietie,  
With a fayth in Christ, for hys helth and saluacyon.

Infidelitas.

Gods benefon haue ye, it is ioye of your lyfe,  
I haue hearde of ye, and of my masires your wyse,

Euangelii,

If thou heardest of me, it was by the voyce of God.

Infidelitas

Naye, he that spake of ye, was sellynge of a God.  
In an oyster bore, a lytle beyonde quene hythe,  
A norther man was he, & besought ye to be blythe,

Euangelii,

If he spake of me, he was some godly preacher,

Infidelitas.

Naye ser by the roode, nor yet a wholsom teacher,

Euangelii,

After what maner, ded he speake of me: tell.

Infidelitas.

He swore lyke a man, by all cōsentres of the Gospell

Be

Moseh lex. corrupta,  
He swore and better swore, yea, he ded swoare & swas  
are a gayne.

Euangelii,  
That speakyng is soch, as procureth eternall payne.  
Wyll not the people, leaue that most wycked folyez  
And it so dampnable: To heare it. I am sorye.  
But what dedyst thou meane, whā thou spakest of my  
wyse?

Infidelitas,  
Not hyng, but I thought, it was toye of your lyfe,  
That ye were so good, to your neybers as ye are.

Euangelii,  
Why, how good am I: thy fantasie declare.

Infidelitas,  
We ease them amonge, if it be as I heare,  
Whan ye are a broode, there is synemyr cheare.

Euangelii,  
As thou art, thou speakest, after they hartes abundaunce  
For as the man is, soch is hys viter aunce.

My wyf is the church, or christen congregacyon,  
Regenerate in spere, doynge no vyle operacyon,  
Both cleane and holy, without eyther sport or wryncke  
The lambe with hys bloude, ded her wasch & bespryn  
cle.

This is not the church, of dysgyfied hypocrytes  
Of apysch shauelynges, or papystycall sodemytes.  
Nor yet as they call it, a temple of lyme and stone.  
But, a lyuysch buyldyng, grounded in fayth alone,

On







Actus quartus,

On the harde rocke Christ, whych is the sure founda-  
cyon.

And of this Church some, do reigne in every nacyon,  
And in all cōtrayes, though their nombre be but small  
Infidelitas,

Their number is soch, as hath rōne over all  
The same Danes are they, men prophecy of playne,  
Whych shuld ener rēne, thy realme yet once agayne.

Euangeliiū,

What Danes speakest thou of: thy meanynge shewe  
Infidelitas, (more clerlye:

Dane Johan, Dane Robert, Dane Thomas, and Da-  
ne harrye.

These same are those Danes, that laye with other  
mēys wyues.

And occupied their lādes, to the detrymēt of their ly-  
ues.

These are accounted, a great part of the church,  
For in Gods seruyce, they honourablye worche,  
Kelynge and cryenge, tyll their throtes are full sore.

Euangeliiū

That church was descrybed, of Esaye longe afore.

This people (sayth God) with ther lypes honour me

In vayne worschyp they teachynge mēys satuyte.

Apparaunt is that church, and open to the eyes,

Their worschypinges are, in outwarde ceremonyes.

That cōterfet church stādeyth al by mēys tradycyons

Withouth the scriptures, and withouth the hartes as-  
seccyons.

Christi lex corrupta

My church is secrete, and euermore wyll be,  
Adoynge i he father, in sprete, and in veryte.  
By the worde of God, thys Church is ruled onlye,  
And doih not confyst, in ourwarde ceremonye.  
Thys congregacyon, is the true Church mylitaunt  
Those coliterfet desardes, are the very Church mas  
lygnaunt.

To whom Christ wyll saye, I knowe nō of your sort.

Infidelitas.

Noh are they to blame, that ther bretherne so report

Euangelii,

Soch are nobretherne, but enemyes to Christes blode.

As put saluacyon, in shauen crowne, mytar, or whode.

Infidelitas.

I praye ye how longe, haue your swete spouse cōtynued

Euangelii

Sens the begynnynge, and now is in Christ renued.

Adam had promyse, of Christes incarnacyon,

So had Abraham, with hys whole generacyon.

Whych was vnto them, a preachynge of the Gospell,

Into saluacyon, and delyueraunce from hell.

Infidelitas

By thys tyme I hope, ye haue a fayre increase?

Euangelii

She is not barren, but beareth and neuer cease.

The Corinthes first epystle, hath thys clere testimony

In Christo Iesu, per Euangelium vos genui.

I haue begote yow, in Iesu Christ sayth powle,

By the







Actus quartus

By the Gospel preachynge, to the cōfort of your soules  
Infidelitas.

Than are ye a cuckolde, by the blessed holy masse,  
As I sayd afore, so cometh it now to passe.  
For I am a prophete, by hygh inspiracyon led.  
Now lyke I my self, moch better than I ded.  
Ye sayt that saynt paule, begate your wyfe with chyla  
Euangelii de

By mysunderstādyng, thou art vngraciously begylde  
An only mynyster, was paule in that same doynge,  
That herin ded, was by the Gospell preachynge.  
Hys mynde is the Gospell to haue done yt operacyon  
And thys must thou holde, for no carnall generacyon  
Infidelitas.

Marry so they saye, ye fellows of the newe lerynge,  
Forsake holy church, and now fall fast to wyuynge,  
Euangelii,

Naye, they forsake whoredome, with other dāpnable  
vsage.

And lync with their wyues, in lawfull marriage,  
whyle the popes oyled swarme, raigne styll in their.  
Infidelitas. olde buggerage

Yea, poore married men, haue very moch a do,  
I coure hym wyfest, that can take a snarke and to go.  
Euangelii,

Thou seest one of them, that detesteth matrimonye,  
Whych is afore God, a state both iust and holye.  
Offsoo as thou art, saynt paule ded prophecye,

Christi lex corrupta.

By the holy Ghost, that a serten cūpanye,  
In the latter dayes from the truth of God shuld fall  
Attendynge to spreies, of errour dyabolycall.

Whych in hypocressy, wyll teache lyes for aduantage,  
With marked consciences, inbytyng marriage.  
Thu apereest by thy frutes, to be Infydelyte.

Infideltas,

I am non other, but euen the very he,  
And hyther now come I, to cōmen the matter with ye  
Euangelii,

Quoyde cursed synde, and get the out at the gates.

Infideltas,

Maye first wyll I serue ye, as I lately serued your ma  
And here wyll I not, for this place is for me:  
Who shuld here remayne, but Infydelyte?

Euangelii,

Well, than for a tyme, I must depart from hens,  
But this first wyll I saye, before this andyens.  
Easyer wyll it be, concernynge penyment,  
To Sooom and Gomor, in the daye of iudgement,  
Than to those cyties, that resyst the veryte,  
At the suggestyons, of Infydelyte.

That people wyll be, for euer and euer lost,  
For it is the great synne, agaynst the holy Ghost.  
In the olde lawe first, the father hys mynde exprest,  
Than came hys sōne Christ, & made it more manifest.  
And now the holy Ghost, is come to close vp all,







Actus quartus

If he be not heard, extreme dāpnacyon wyll fall.  
No prayer remaineth, nor expyacyen for synne,  
To them that no profyght, of the worde of God wyll  
wynne.

Take good hede therfor, & saye that ye haue warnyng  
Infidelitas, Exit.

God sende your mother, of yow to haue a fondelynge.

By the masse I thynke, he is wele out of the waye,  
Now wyll I contriue, the dryft of an other playe.

I must weake soch wayes, Christes lawe maye not con  
rynue,

In a while am I lyke, to haue non clo of my retynue,

Companyons I want, to begynne this tragedye,

Namely false doctryne, and hys brother hypocresye.

They wyll not belonge, I suppose now verelye,

By cockes fowle me thynke, I se soch a cumpanye.

Hem I saye chyldren, wyll not my voyce be hearde?

As good is a becke, as is a dewe vow garde.

By my honestie welcome, myne owne cōpanyon both?

Pseudodctrina.

Intrant.

Thy shalt sure haue, a lyvery of the same clorh,

Gramercyes by God, my olde frynde Insydelyte:

hypocrisis.

What, brother snyp snap, how go the worde with the?

Infidelitas,

What, fryre flyp flap, how saye ye to, Benedicite?

hypocrisis.

Marry nothyng but well, for I crye now aduaitage

£ ii

Infia

Christi lex corrupta

Infidelitas.

At her purse or arse, tell me good fryre succage?

Hypocrisis.

By the Messe at both, for I am a great penytensar,  
And syt at the pardō, Tush, I am y<sup>e</sup> popes owne vycar  
If thou lackest a pecc, I knowe where thou mayst be  
sped.

With coyse of a score, & brought enen to thy bed.

Pseudodoctrina.

Art thou not ashamed, to talke solyke & knaue?

Hypocrisis.

No, for it is soch gere, as the holiest of vs wyll haue,  
Pope, Cardynall, byshop, make, chanon prest & fryre,  
Not one of ye all, but a woman wyll desyre.

Pseudodoctrina.

Our orders permyt vs not, to haue them in marryage

Hypocrisis.

No, but ye satche them in, by an other carryage.

Ye do euen as we do, we both are of one rate.

Infidelitas.

By the Messe I laugh, to heare thys whoreson prate

Pseudodoctrina.

What fashyon vse ye, to vs here intymate.

Hypocrisis.

Ego distinguish, whether ye wyll haue lyons or parys.

Pseudodoctrina.

Of them both to shewe, it wyll not be farre amys.

Hypocrisis.





Actus quartus.

In parys we haue, the mantell of Saynt Iewes,  
Whych women seke moch, for helpe of their barēnes.  
For he it ones layed, vpon a womānys bellye,  
She go thens with chylde, the myracles are seane  
there sayle. +

And besydes all thys, ye wolde maruele iu cōfessyon,  
What our fathers do, to assoyle them of transgressyon

Johan Thesseccelius, assorled a yonge woman ones,  
Behynde the hygh autler, tyll she cryed our of her  
bones.

And as for Lyons, there is the length of our lorde,  
In a great pyller. She that wyll with a coorde,  
Be fast bounde to it, and take soch chaunce as fall,  
Shall sure haue chylde, for within it is hollowe all. +

Tush, I coulde tell ye, of moch more wondre thā this,  
In course to heare them, I thynke ye wolde ye blys.  
Pseudodoctrina.

As thu hast begunne, go forewarde in it and tell.

Infidelitas.

Soch a knaue I suppose, is not from hens to hell.  
hypocrisis

In our relygion, was an holye pepysch patryarke,  
Whych of all bawdrye, myght be the great monarke.  
The nōnes to confesse, he went from place to place,  
And two hūddred of them, he broached in that space.  
Many spyces he eate, hys currage to prouoife.

¶ iij Soch



Christilix corrupta,

Such a fellowe was he, as of that gere had the stroke.  
Pseudodoc

Now somewhat wyll I tell, to cōfirme thy tale withall  
In kynge ferdynāds tyme, in Spayne was a Cardynall  
Petrus mendosa, was the very man that I meane,  
Of lemans he had, great nombre besyde the quene.  
One of hys bastardes, was earle, an other was duke,  
Whom also he abused, and thought it no rebuke.

Joannes Cremona, an other good Cardynall,  
For reformation, of the clergie spirituall,  
Came once into Englāde, to dāpne prestes matrimo-  
nye.

And the next nyght after, was take doynge bytcherye.  
Doct<sup>r</sup> Eckius also, whych scarcely came to dyspute,  
In lipia with luther, myndynge there hym to cōfute

For marryage of prestys, thre chyldren had that yere.  
By this maye ye se, that sūryme we make mery cheare.  
Infidelitas,

Marry that ye do, I shall beare ye recorde now.  
But how wyll ye answer, for breafynge of your vow?  
Pseudodoc

We neuer breake vowe, so longe as we do not marrye,  
Though we in whoredome, be neuer so bolde & busye.  
Infidelitas,

By your order than, ye maye walke moch at large.  
What hast thou hypocresye, to laye for thy dyscharge.  
Saynt







Actus quartus,

Hypocrisis.

Saynt frances habyte, with the holy gyrdle & whode,  
Non can go to helle, that therin dye by the rode,  
In case saynt frances, be sure vpon their syde,  
Els maye they fortune, robe of their purpose wyde,  
For I reade of one, that shuld haue gone to the denyll  
But the spretes of helle, coulde do to hym non enyll.

Tyll saynt frances came, & toke fro hym hys cowle,  
Then went he to helle, the fryres ded heare hym  
howle.

I wyll therfor serue, S. frances with hart & mynde  
With dayly memoires, that he maye be my frynde.  
And than I care not, for all the deuyls in hell,  
That I haue tolde yow, is more true than the Gospel.

Infidelitas.

Then are yemore sure, tha monkes for your heretage,  
For their landes are here, but ye clayme heauen for  
Pseudodoctrina. (aduantage.

Yet is it to them, a vetyplefaunt chynge,  
Their abbot at home, to be called lorde and kynge.

Infidelitas.

Naye, monke and chyle, for here is no kynge but one,  
If he be a kynge, hys mace is a mary bone,  
And hys crowne a cow torde. Soch knaues as come  
from the cart,

Must be called kynges, for playenge a popyshe parte,  
Pseudodoctrina.

It becomenot the, the Romyshe pope for to lurche.

Christi lex corrupta.

Consyderynge he is, the hyghest of the churche.

Infidelitas.

If he be the hyghest, than is he the wother cocke,

Pseudodoctrina.

Ah, now I perceyue, thou art dysposed to mocke,

Of all holy churche, he is the pryncypall heade.

Infidelitas:

Marry that is true, he senderth out bulles vndre lead

And he hath two keyes, the one to open hell,

The other speareth heauen, thus do newe heretykes

They report also, that dogges haue no democyō, (tel

To hys holy lawes, nor to hys olde instruccyon.

Pseudodoctrina.

Why shuld dogges hate hym? make that more euys

Infidelitas.

(dent.

They loue no pese poirege, nor yet reade hearynges in  
lent,

Stock fysh nor oysters, but curse hym body and bone,

And wolde hys reade spottes, & rotte fysh were gone

Cush, I heare them I, and that maketh me full sad.

Hypocrisis.

Eyther thou doest mock, or els thou art sure mad.

Infidelitas

I heare the people, complayne very much of the.

Pseudodoctrina.

What is their pratinge, I praye the hartely tell me.

Infidelitas.

They saye, thou teachest, nothyng but lowsy tradycions

And







Actus quartus.

And lyes for lucre, with damnable superstycyons.  
And thus they cōclude, y<sup>e</sup> the draffe of popysh prystes  
Is good ynough for swyne, by whom they meane the  
papistes.

Yea, and they saye also, the dyet of men is all,  
To most vyle carren, the dogges wyll sonest fall.

Pseudodoctrina.

Than do they compare, the papystes vnto dogges.

Infidelitas.

Marry that they do, & to soch swynyshe hogges,  
As in swyll & fosse, are brought vp all their lyfe.  
Soch are the papystes, they saye both man and wyfe.  
They saye of the also, that thou art a noughty knaue.  
By promylng and lyenge, ye fryers wolde all haue.  
Thyne order they saye, is spronge euen out of hell,  
And all thys knowledg, they haue now of the Gosa

Hypocrisis.

(pell,

Why, where is he now, I besyche the hartely tell.

Infidelitas

By the messe abroad, & I warāde ye make, & reuell.  
I commoned with hym, and he ded vdespyse,  
Agaynst hym therfor, sumwhat must we deuise.

Pseudodoctrina.

Marry that must we, or els it wyll be wronge,  
He wyll sure destroye vs, if we do suffer hym longe.  
Nedes must we serue hym, as we ones serued Christ.

Infidelitas.

Why madbrayned whoresōs, how ded ye hādse Christ?

¶ v

Pseudos

Christi lex corrupta.

Pseudodoctrina.

As he preached here, we followed frō place to place,  
To trappe hym in snare, and hys doctryne to deface.  
Than founde we the meanes, to put hym so to death,  
Least he agaynst vs, shuld open any more breath.  
And we set foure knyghtes, to kepe hym downe in hys  
grave.

That he neuer more, our lyuynge shuld deprane.

And thus must we serue, the Gospell, no remedye,  
Els will he destroye, our lyuynge perpetuallye.  
Better one were lost, than we shuld peryshe all,  
As Cayphas ones sayd, in counsell pharysaycall.

Infidelitas.

By God & wele sayd. Whā ye haue hym i hys grave,  
Strāpe hym downe tyll he i hys, & serue hym lyke a

Hypocrysis.

knaue.

We must so ordre hym, that he go no more at large.

Pseudodoctrina.

Four knyghtes will we hyre, whō we shall streyghtly  
ly charge,

To kepe hym downe harde. The first are ambycouse  
prielates,

Then conetouse lawers, that Gods worde spyghful  
ly hates,

Lordes without lernynge, & iustices vnyghtfull.

These will kepe hym downe, and rappe hym on the  
scull.

Theis







Actus quartus.

Ther someners & ther scribes, I warāde ye shal stere  
With balyues and catchpolles, to holde hym downe  
euery where.

I trowe Rugge & Coiber, At Norwyche wyll do their  
part,

With wharton of Bongaye, and for my sake put hym  
Hypoerysis. (to smart.

And I wyll rayse vp, in the vniuersytees,  
The seven sleepers there, to aduāce the popes decrees  
As Isobel & Sune, Surande & Thomas of Aquyne  
The mastre of sentens, with Bachon the great deuyn  
Hericus de Wadauo. And these shal read ad clerik,  
Aristotle and Albert, de secretis mulierum,

With the cōmentaries, of Auicen and Aueroes,  
And a Phebo Phebe, whych is very good for boyes.

lusi ielitas,

Yea, and lete the pope, as Gods owne vycar here,  
In hyshande thre crosses, & in crownes on his head  
here.

His power betokenynge, in heauē, in earth & in hell  
That he maye commaunde, all kynges to subdue the  
Pseudodotrina. (Gospell.

His selfe maye do that, he nede cōmaunde nō other.  
Is not he the head, of the holy church our mother?  
Maye not he make sayntes, and deuyls at his owne  
pleasure?

Whych hath in his hādes, the keyes & churches trea.  
So wele as he made, S. Bernā first a saynt. (sure.  
And twenty years after, of heresy he hym attayne:

Christi lex corrupta.

First he sent hym to heauen, by hys canonyzacyon,  
And from thens to helle, by an excommunicacyon,  
We reade of Formosus, that after he was dead,  
One pope hys fyngars, an other cut of hys head,  
And threwe hys carcas, into the floud of Tyber,  
With the head & fyngars, as Platina doith remeber.

In token that he, is iudge ouer quyet and dead,  
And maye dāpne & saue, by hys pardons yndre lead,  
Syluester the secōde, to the deuyll hymself ones gaue  
For that hygh offyce, that he myght dampne & saue.  
He offered also, hys stones to Sathan, they saye,  
For prestes chastyte, and so went their marryage as

Hypocrisis.

(waye.

Here is one cōmyng, enquire what he intende.

Infidelias.

Be: it is the Gospell, from hym God vs defende.

Pseudodoc̃trina.

Exit secreto.

Shewe me brother myne, who ded the hyther sende.

Euangelinm.

The father of heanen, of hys mere benyuolence,  
I desyre therfor, to haue fre audyence.

Pseudodoc̃trina.

Ye mynde than to preache, afore thys cumpanye?

Euangelium.

In the lawes of God, wolde I instruct the gladly,  
For non other waye, there is vnto saluacyon,  
But the worde of God, in euery generacyon,

That







**Actus quartus.**

**That quickeneth, that saueth, yt bryngeth vnto heauē  
A before hys death, Christ taught the Apostle aicem.**

**Pseudodocrina.**

**Preache here thou shalt not, without the auctoryte,  
Of pope or byshopp, or of some of their affynye.**

**Euangelium.**

**Gods word neuer taketh, hys auctoryte of man.**

**Pseudodocrina.**

**Thou shalt not here preache, do thou the best thou canst**

**Hypocrisis.**

**Gods blessing on your good hart, it is spoken euen**

**(like a man.**

**Ye knowe this daye ser, we haue a full holy feast,  
And must go processyō, with the blessed rode of reast.  
We haue longe mattenes, longe laudes, longe houres  
longe pyyme.**

**Masses, euēsonge, cōplyue, & all must be done i tyme.  
Sensynge of the aulters, & castynge of holy water,  
Holy breade makynge, with other necessary matter.**

**Euangelium.**

**Haue God commaūded, any soch thynges to be done:**

**Pseudodocrina.**

**What is that to the: go meddle thou with olde shone.  
Cannyst thou saye but they, are good sygnysfycacions:**

**Euangelium.**

**I saye they are frutes, of your ymagynacions**

**To brynge in lucre, & darken Gods hygh glorie,**

**Of**

Christilex corrupta,

Of yow God doth axe, no soch vayne beggerye.  
Christ neuer sent hys, to shewe sygn, sycacyons,  
But hys luyng, worde, to all the chresten nacyons,  
Ye forsake the lorde, as Esaias doth tell,  
And hyghly blasphem, the holie of Israel.

In hys first chaptre, this hearyble sentence is,  
Quis hæc frustranea quaesivit de manibus uestris,  
Who hath requyred, of yow soch sacryfyce?  
In vayne offer yow, that vncōmaunded scruyce:  
Your incense to me, is great abhominacyon,  
I fore abhorre it, and moch detest your fashyon.

When ye praye to me, I geue ye non attendaunce,  
But auert my face (sayth God) & my countenaunce,  
By this ye maye se, that the lorde doth not regarde,  
Your māgy mutterynge, neyher graūt it any rewarde  
Noma wyllēt Paule, to speake in the congregacyon  
In a straunge language, without interperacyon.

In your latyne houres, the flocke do ye not consydre,  
But declare your selues, to be Romysch all togydre.  
Be not led about (sayth Paule) by any straunge let-  
nyng,

What els is your doctryne, but a blynde popysch thyn,  
Heretyfyeth also, Non enim vt baptizarem, get.  
Milit me Christus, sed vt euangelizarem.

Christ hath not me sent, that I shuld baptise,  
sayth Paule. But





Actus quartus,

But to preach hys worde, to the confort of manyes  
soules.

Too, though baptisme be, a thyng very necessarye,  
yet must it geue place, to Gods worde, no remedye.  
Why than preferre ye, your drafftysh ceremonies?  
To the Gospell preachynge: O dampnable iniuryes.  
Hypocrysis.

Why suffer ye hym, to prattle here so longe?  
Pseudodoctrina.

Get the hence shortly, or with the it wyll be wronge.  
Infidelitas. Intrat.

Peace be here & God, Maistre doctour, by your leaue,  
That I maye declare, a pardone here in my sleue.  
Of our lady of Beston, Ingham, and saynt Johans  
nes fraye,

With the indulgence, of blessyd saynt Antonye.  
Pseudodoctrina.

Wele, take thy pleasure, and do it hardelye.  
Hypocrysis.

Syr he doth me wroge for this daye it is my acyon,  
To preache my brotherhede, & gather my lymytacyon  
Pseudodoctrina.

Who first speake first speede, steppe fourth and reade  
thy pardon,

And whan he hath done, your course is farther warde  
Euangelium,

What course appoynt ye, for preachynge of the Gospel  
Pseudodoctrina.

Twolde



Christilex corrupta:

I wolde thy Gospell, & thu were both now in hell.

Euangelii.

Why, & shall thy baggage, put by the word of God?

Pseudodoctrina.

Thu wylt not be answered, tyll thu sele a sharper rod.

Infidelitas.

Good christen people, I am come hyther verelye,  
As a true pector, of the house of saynt Antonye, &  
Of cleane remysseyon, I haue brought ye indulgence,  
A pena & culpa, for all your synne and offence.  
By the auctorite, of pope Leo & pope Clement,  
Pope Bonyface, pope Pius, pope Johan & pope Ine

(nocent.

And here I blesse ye, with a wyng of the holy Ghost,  
Frothonder to saue ye, & fro spretes in euery coost.  
Lo, here is a belle, to hange vpon your hogge,  
And saue your cattell, from the bytyng of a dogge,  
So many as wyll come, to thys holy fraternyte,  
Come paye your moneye, & ye shall haue letters of me

Pseudodoctrina.

Let me haue a letter, for I wyll be a brother.

Hypocrisis.

Then geue me a belle, for I wyll be an other.

Euangelii.

O dampnable leadyng, of Babylonicall sodomites,  
Your selues ye declare, to be shamefull hypocrytes.  
Lorde pitty thy people, and take awaye these gydes,  
These scorners, these robbers, these cruell homycydes

Sodp





Actus quartus.

Such prophetes are they, as God ded neuer sende,  
As Hieremy sayth, they dampnable wayes pretende.

Wo hypocrytes wo, for here ye tryfle and mocke,  
With christen people, & the kyngedō of heaue vploke  
Ye counte it a game, to lose that Christ hath bought,  
With hys precyouse bloud, & here most derely sought  
Oh ye are wretches, and pestilent Antichristes,  
Minysters of Sagon, and most deceytfull papystes.

Lyke rauenouse wolues, poore wydowes ye deuoure,  
By tytyle of prayer, eternall dāpnacyon is youre,  
Your owne dreames ye folowe, but matter moch more  
wayghtye,

Ye donot esteeme, as iudgement, saythe, and mercy.  
Wo pharysees wo, ye make cleane outwardlye,  
But inwardes ye are full, of couetousnesse & baudrye,

Paynted tumbes are ye, a pryenge ryght bewtyfull,  
But within ye stynte, & haue thoughtes very, hame-  
full.

Ye slewe the prophetes, your doynges yet beare wyte-  
nesse,

How thynke ye to auoyde, that poynt of vnryghteous-  
nesse?

Oh ragynge serpentes, and vyperouse generacyon,  
How can ye escape, the daunger of dampnacyon?  
Pseudodoctrina.

Christi lex corrupta,

Who made the so bolde, to medle within my care?  
And teache newe lernynge? An heretyke art thou sure:  
If due serch were made, we shuld synde the (Zehynke)

Euangelii,

(no pryst.

yes, anoynted of God, but no popyshe Antichrist.

Pseudodoctrina.

Lette me se, where are, the letters of thy oideres

Euangelium

Where Christ hys self is, & not in these same borders

No sod pryst am I, as is anoynted with oyle,

But the holy Ghost, for I am non of thys soyle.

Pseudodoctrina.

Here I attache the, for a busye scysmatyke.

And wyll the accuse, for an haynouse heretyke.

Leye handes vpon hym, & depryue hym of thys ap-  
rell.

Hic veste spoliatum sordidioribus induunt.

Loe, thus wyll I hadle, all the yt shall sake thy quarrell

Holde i waye with thys gere, & laye it fourth a syde.

hypocrisis.

Laye, carry brother myne, for a way shalt thou not syde

Euangelii,

I am not goynge, why doest thou slaunder me?

Infidelitas,

Burne hym to ashes, and shewe to hym no pyrie.

Pseudodoctrina.

Exms







**Actus quartus.**

**Brent shall be not be, if he wyll nomore do so.  
Fellawe how sayst thou wilt thou here abiure or not**  
Euangelium.

**I wyll neyther abiure, nor yet recant Gods glorie.**

Pseudodoctrina.

**I offered the reason, and herto thou wilt not applye,  
Wele get the forewarde, for thou shalt sure dye.  
The temporall power, shall iudge the to the fyre,  
At our accusment, and holy relygyouse desyre.**

Euangelium.

**Though yow for my sake, impryson men cruellye,  
Jamysh them, stocke them, & them with sagotes frye  
Hurt me ye shall not for I can neuer dye,  
And they for my sake, shall lyue perpetuallye.**

Pseudodoctrina.

**Here is a pratyng, with a very vengeaunce hene.**

Hypocrysis.

Exeunt cum

**Thys horrible heretyke, now shall we well recompense  
Infidelitas.**

**Yea, burne hym wele fryre, and lere hym no longer  
raygne,**

**Laye on grene sagotes, to put hym to the more payne.**

**By the messe I laugh, to se how thys gere doth worke  
Beis lyke of the, to haue nomore grace than a turke,  
For soch knaves they are, as a man shall not lyghly  
synde,**

**And rate hell ouer. Companye they are to my mynde**

Christi lex corrupta.

My busynesse all, is now at a good confusyon,  
That I haue here brought, these .iiij. lawes to confusyon  
Now shall I be able, to lyue here peaceablye,  
And make frowlyke here, with hey how fryssa! Jolye.  
The lawe of Nature, I test first in a leprye.  
By the secrete helpe, of ydolatrie and sodomye.

The lawe of Moses, I made a crypple blynde,  
Quaryce & Amblycyon, to helpe me were not behynde  
And now Christes lawe, I haue brent for heresy,  
By helpe of false doctryne, & my cosyne hypocresye,  
On these same .iiij. lawes, all other lawes depende,  
And can not preuaile, now these are at an ende.

If christen gouerners, donot these lawes vphelde,  
Their cynyle ordynaūces, wyll sone be very colde.  
Well, thys valeaūt George, hath made them all to  
stoupe

Cheare now maye I make, & set cocke on the houe.  
Fyll in .ll. the pottes, and byd me welcome hostesse,  
And go call me hyt her, myncowne swete mynyō Bessē

Finis Actus quartus.

Incipit







Incipit Actus quintus.  
Vindicta Dei.



Vid gloriaris in malicia: qui potens  
es in iniquitate.

Thy vengeable wretche, replete with  
poyson and vyce,

Why doest thou thus reioyce, in cruel  
tie and malyce?

Thynkest thou that God slepeth, & wyll not hys defende  
And that thy myschefe, shall neuer haue an ende?

The bloude of innocentes, to hym for vengeaunce call  
And therfor this houre, must I scarcely vpon the fall  
Infidelitas.

Thou sprete of the ayre, I straghtly coniure the here,  
By panton & Eraton, and charge the to com no nere:

Vindicta Dei.

Thynkest thou to stoppe me, with thy folysh couyracyon  
Whom God sendeth hyther, for thy abhomynacyon?

Infidelitas.

What art thou called: thy name to me rehearce,

Vindicta Dei.

I am vindicta Dei, in pönysment most scarce,

With water, with swerde, and with fyre I must the  
Infidelitas. pearce.

Be good in thy offyce, and thou shalt haue moneye and  
Vindicta Dei. meate.

By fals hyrewardes, thou cannyst not me intreate,

Christi lex corrupta,

But that I wyll do, as God hath me commanded,  
For if worldly iustice, my fure myght haue changed,  
The anyuerfall worlde, had not bene drowned with  
water,

Nor Sodome and Gomor, with so fery fearfull ma-  
ter.

Nor yet the Israelytes, with terrour of the sworde,  
With hunger and pestylence, in the anger of Gods  
worde,

Pharao in Egipte, the plagues had neuer felte,  
Myght I haue bene stopped, for syluer or for gelte.  
Into Egipte I brought, ten terribble pnyshmentes  
Vpon the people, for breakeyng hys commaundementes  
Their wholsom waters, I turned into bloude,  
I multiplyed frogges, to poyson therewith their soude

I made waspes & dranes, & hem greuously to styng,  
And all kyndes of flies, sone after ded I in byng  
Vpon their cattel, I threwe the foule pestylence,  
Both by the, byle & blayne, they had for their offences  
Lyghtenynge and haylynge, destroyed their come  
and frute,

A swarne of hungry locustes, & their pastours destitute

The space of thre dayes, I gaue them palpable darke-  
nesse,

Isteme







Actus quintus,

I slewe the first goore, of mā & beast for thy rudenes  
for Ineuers tryke, but for the, Infydelyte.

Infidelitas,

Stryke for me quoth A: By the mary Masse I desye  
Vindicta Dei. the.

What, thou wylt not so, thy braynes are not so lyght.

Infidelitas.

Anger menor to moch, for if thou do, I fyght.

Vindicta Dei.

All that wyll not helpe, thy wycked workynges now,  
Whan the stronger come, the weaker must nedes bowe  
The lawe of Nature, infected thou hast with a leprye &

Infidelitas,

Naye, it was not I, but that wycke Idolatrye,  
And that polde shorne knaue, that men call Sodemye

Vindicta Dei.

Of whom spronge they first? but of Infydelyte?  
Therfor thou shalt haue that plague of penalte,  
Whych they first tasted, for their inqwyze.  
For these two vyces, I drowned the worlde with wate-  
ter.

In token wherof, I plague the with the same matter:  
hic Infidelitatem lymphā percutit.

Infidelitas,

Eush, I desye thy woost. Thys shall not dryue me hēce  
for after the floude, with Cham had I resydence,  
And so contrynued, tyll Moyses lawe came in.  
With hys iolye trycke, a newe rule to begyn.

f iij vindicta

Restauratio legum diuinarum:

Vindicta Dei.

And hym thu corruptedest, with Auaryce & Ambys  
And so dedyst leaue hym, in miserable cōdycyō. (cyō,  
Thu shalt haue therfor, that than to them was due,  
Most terriblye battayle, the Isracytes vntreue,  
That tyme ded suffer, for their insydelyte,  
Wherfor with thys swerde, I iustlye bannysh the.

Bycause thu shalt here, geue place to Christes gospel  
Gladio Infidelitatem denuo cedit.

Infidelitas.

Yet wyll I not hens, but agaynst once rebell.

Sed not I remayne, with Judas and other more:  
Whan Christ preached here, & taught them tu vext  
hym sore?

Yes, & after that, was I with Simon Magus.  
With Saunder Coppermyth, with Elmas and Se  
metrius.

And now I perseuer, amōge y<sup>e</sup> rāfcrable of papystes  
Teachyng ther shorlynges, to playe the Antichrystos.

Vindicta Dei.

The innocent bloude, of sayntes continuallye,  
Doth call vnto God, to reuenge their iniurye,  
Agaynst false doctryne, and cursed hypocresye,  
Whom thu hast rayfed, the glory of the Gospel,  
To darken, and hys fryndes, most miserably to quell  
Wherfor thu shalt haue, lyke as thu hast deserved  
for





Actus quintus.

For thy wycked doynges, thy ponyshment now doubled.  
Ignis ipsū picecedet, the Propheete Dauid sayth thus  
Atq; inflammabit in circuitu inimicos eius.  
A consumynge fyre, shall runne before the iudge.  
Hys enemyes consumingge, they shal fynde no refuge.

Ob scelera & culpas hominum, ritusq; nefandos  
In cineres ibit tellus, genuemq; fauillam.

As Mantuan writeth, for the wyckednesse of the,  
The earth to ashe, by fyre shall turned be.

Ignis flamma Infidelitatem locum exire coget  
Infidelitas

Credo, credo, credo, I saye. Credo, credo, credo,  
To the deuyl of helle, by the Messe I wene I go.  
Deus pater.

As ye haue seane here, how I haue strycken with hys  
The pestylent vyce, of Insydelyte.

So wyll I destroye, in the scarcenesse of myne yre,

All sectes of errour, with their enemyte,

Whych hath rysen out, of that iniquyte.

For as it is sayd, that my hande hath not sei.

Shall vp by the rote, no power maye it lett.

The Apostle Johan, in the Apocalyps doth saye,

He sawe a newe heauen, & a newe earth aperryng.

The olde earth & see, weretaken cleane awaye,

That heaue is manye sayth, that earth hys vnder  
standynge,



*Sestauratio legum diuinarum.*

Whom we haue renued, by our most secret workynge,  
The olde cancred earth, crylynge with the see,  
Whyd is superstycyon, and Insydelyte.

A newe Hierusalem, the sayd Johan also se,  
As a bewtyfull byde, prepared to her husbande,  
Our true sayehfull churche, is that same sayr cytie,  
Whom we haue elensed, by the power of our rygh  
bande.

As a spouse to Christ, in euery Christen lande.  
Bannyslynge the sectes, of Babylonicall poperye,  
That she in the spiete, maye walke to our glorie.

Resort ye thre lawes, for yow wyll I clere also,  
Of soch infectyons, as by Insydelyte,  
Ye haue receyued, That ye with her maye go,  
Declarynge the wayes, of Christen lyberte,  
That vs she maye take, without perplexite,  
For her only God, and be our people styll,  
In our l'wes walkynge, accordyng to our wyll.

*Omnes simul.*

At your commaundement, we are most blessed lorde.

*Deus pater.*

Approche nyghar than, and ye shall be restorde.

Thu lawe of Nature, we first begynne with the,  
Restorynge the agayne, to thy first puryte.  
Awoyde Idolatrie, Awoyde vyle Sodomye,

We







Actus quintus.

We charge ye nomore, thys lawe to putryfe:  
Kepe styll that same hart, for a sygne perpetuall,  
That thu wert written, in manny's hart first of all:

Thu lawe of Moses, geue me that wayle from the,  
No longer shalt thu, neyther blynde nor croked be.  
Hens thu Ambycyon, and cursed Couetousnes,  
I here bannysh yow, from thys lawe euer doughtles.  
Lose not those tables, whych are a token true,  
That thu in the flesh, shalt euermore contynue.

Thu lawe of the Gospell, though thu be last of all,  
In operacyon yet, thu art the pryncypall.  
From the Teryle, hypocrisy and false doctrine,  
With all that depende, vpon the papystrycall lyne,  
Reserue the same boke, for a sygne of heauely poure,  
For that boke thu art, that Iohan from heauen de-

Naturæ lex.

(deuoure,

Euerlastyng prayse, to thy gloryous maiestie.

Molch lex.

Our heauely gouerneur, great is thy gracyous pryncypall.

Christi lex.

Of mankynde thu art, the eternall felicyte.

Naturæ lex.

Now leauest thy seruantes, in thy perpetuall peace.

To do the seruyce, from hens wyll we not cease.

Molch lex.

For our eyes haue seene, what thu hast now prepared,  
for

Restauratio diuinarum legum.

For thy peoples helth, whych hath bene here declared  
Christi lex.

Allyght thou hast sent, whych is thy ioyousse Gospell,  
To the consolacyon of the howse of Israel.

Naturæ lex.

In reioyce of thys, make we some melodye.

Moseh lex.

The name of our God, to prayse and magnysye.

Christi lex.

I assent therto, and wyll synge very gladlye.

Hic ad De gloriam cantabunt. In exitu Israel de  
Aegypto, Vel aliud simile.

Deus pater:

Now haue we destroyed, the kyngedome of Babylon,  
And throwne the great whore, into the bottollesse pyr,  
Restorynge agayne, the true sayth and relygyon,  
In the chursten church, as we haue thought it fyr,  
Depurynge these lawes, so to contynue yt.

Man is our creature, & hath grace in our syght,  
To dwell with hym now, is our whole hartes delyghe

Man is our people, hys God we are agayne,

With hym wyll we haue, continuall residence.

Awaye wyll we wype, from hym all sorowe & payne:

He shall no longer, dyspayre for hys offence,

Nor haue i hys sorowe, any carefull doubt of consyete

The olde popysynesse, is past whych was dāpnacyon,

We haue now renued, our chursten congregacyon,

Grande







Actus quintus.

Stande fourth churche sayth, & take our aduertysment  
We here appoynt the, to gouerne our congregacyon.  
Se thou do nothyng, without the admonyshment,  
Of these thre lawes here. Enprient their declaracyon  
Of my sweete promyses, and than make thu relacyon  
To my folke agayne, that they maye walke to me,  
Without popyshe dreames, in a persygt lyberie.

Fides Christiana.

Most heauenly maker, in yt thou doest commaunde me,  
Euermore wyll I, full prompt and dylygent be.

Deus pater.

Thou lawe of Nature, shalt teach man God to knowe  
And that to refuse, wherby any yll maye growe.

Naturæ lex.

From thy your precept, shall I nor varye I trowe.

Deus pater.

Teache thou hym also, to worship one God aboue.

And hys poore neyber, to prosecute with leue.

Moleh lex.

I hope blessed lord, to do as me shall behoue.

Deus pater.

And thou shalt teach hym, to loue God in hys hart.

And those to forgieue, by whom he suffereth smart.

Christi lex.

In your appoyntmentes, wyll I do also my part.

Deus pater.

Worke thou in the hart, a knowledge necessarye.

In the flesh worke thou, by outward ceremonye.

Change

*Restauratio legum diuinarum.*

Change this to the spert, the woorkynges of these two,  
And cause our people, in a perfyght waye to go.  
Take hede christe sayth, to the teachynges of these thre  
And moue our people, to walke in the verye.

The promyses we made, in all these thre at Gospell,  
We wolde this shuldest so, to our congregacyon tell.  
Our euerlastyng blessinge, be with you euermore,  
*Omnes simul.*

For this sweete name loide, prayse & perpetuall honou  
*Fides Christiana.* (re.)

It hath pleased God, to put me in this offyce,  
To gouerne his churche, and chursten congregacyon,  
And therein to do, as ye shall me entyce.

Geue me I praye you, soch wholsom exhortacyon,  
As maye be to Man, a clere edyfycacyon.  
And I wyll be glad, to take your aduertysment,  
As it shall become, any chylde obeyent.

*Christi lex.*

Ye speake it full wele, that marke what shall be sayed  
And dylygentlye, loke that it be obeyed.

*Naturæ lex.*

The effect of me, is for to knowe the loide,  
Euerlastyng, stronge, most graciouslye and godlye.  
And as touchyng Man, to haue fraternall con corde,  
Fauer to noyrish, and to do non iniurye.  
To kepe couenañtes made, and loue true matrymony.  
These noble effectes, so temper you in Man.

That







**Athus quintus**

**That them to fulfyll, he do the best he can.**

**Moseh lex.**

The effect of me, is for to worshyp the lorde,  
As one God alone, and to fle from Idolatrye,  
Nor to slee nor stele, nor yet to beare false recorde,  
To shewe what is synne, and to seke the remedye,  
Publyque peace to holde, & sore to p̄nysh the gyltye,  
From these good effectes, se that Ma neuer swerue,  
Then shall he be sure, that God wyll hym preserue.

**Christi lex.**

The effect of me, is for to loue the lorde,  
In the innar spire, and to saue frynde & enmye,  
And in all poyntes els, with Gods wyll to accorde  
To preache remysyon, to saue and to iustifye,  
In Christ all to seke, lyfe, iustyce, peace and mercye,  
These heauenly effectes, in Man so incorporate,  
That he maye in spire, be newly regenerate.

**Fides Christiana.**

More swete than honye, are your thre exhortacyons,  
And registred they be, in my memoryall.  
Now wyll I forwarde, to all the christen nacyns,  
And se in effect, these lawes obserued all,  
For the abolysment, of the dreames papysticall.  
Now the lyght is come, the darkenesse dyeth awaye,  
I trust in the lorde, men wyll walke in the daye.

Good christen people, to these thre lawes applye,  
First knowe that ye haue, a lyuynge God aboue,

**Then**

Actus quintus,

Than do hym honour, and his name magnifye,  
Worshyp hym in spiet, as the Gospel yow doth moue  
Than obeye your kynge, lyke as shall yow behoue,  
For he in his lyfe, that lord doth represent,  
To sauegarde of the iust, & synners ponnysment.

Set hat ye regarde, soch lawes as he doth make,  
For they are of God, as Salomon doth report.  
Of these lawes doubles, those lawes their grouns  
dynge take.

To the publyque welth, to geue ayde, strength & cosort  
For preseruacyon, of all the christen sort.

In no case solowe, the wayes of Keygnolde Pole,  
To his dampnacyon, he doubles playcth the sole.

Haue a due respect, vnto your contreye natyue,  
Whych hath brought ye vp, & geuen ye nourysment,  
Euen from your cradles, to these dayes nutrytyue,  
So that ye maye do, to her welth and preferment,  
Myr ster to her, no hatefull detryment.  
A dogge to his frynde, wyll neuer be vnloynge,  
Let reason in ye, not lose his naturall wo:kyng.

Naturæ lex.

Who lyueth without lawe, shal perysh without lawe  
And therfor we haue, thre lawes to yow described,  
That after their lyue, ye shuld in your lyuynge drawe  
We haue also shewed, how they haue bene corrupted,  
By foule Idolaters, and sodomies polluted,







*Restauratio diuinarum legum.*

By couetouse prestes, and by ambycouse prelates,  
Hypocriticall fryres, false doctours & false curates  
Moiſe lex.

Who hath restored, these same thre lawes agayne  
But your late Josias, & valeant kynge Henrye.  
No prynce afore hym, toke euer yet soch payne,  
From Englande to banyshe, Idolatrye & fowle sodomye  
Couetousnes. Ambycyō, false doctryne & hypocresye.  
It was he that brought, Christes veryte to lyght,  
When he put the pope, with hys sylthynges to flyght.

Christi lex.

From dānable darkenesse, as my bother here doth saye,  
He hath delynered, this realme of Englande godlye  
Bryngynge hys subiectes, into the true path waye,  
Of their sowles sauegarde, if they now folowe it wyse  
ſelye.

And lest them he hath, the same waye styl to fortyfy,  
Hys noble sonne Edward, soch a kynges of god elect  
As questyonles wyll, perfourme it in effect.

Fides Christiana.

Praye all to the lorde, for the longe contynuaunce,  
Of hys graces lyfe, in this worldes habytacyon.  
And that of hys nobles, he haue true mayntenaunce,  
In the pryncples, of this most worthy foundacyon.  
That he maye to Christ, brynge vs from desolacyon.  
Praye for queene Katerine, & y<sup>e</sup> noble lorde protectour  
With the whole counsell, that God be their directour,  
Amen.

Into fyue personages maye the partes  
of thys Comedy be deuyled.

The Prolocutour.  
Christen sayth.  
Infydelyte.  
The first.

The lawe of Nature.  
Couetousnesse.  
False doctryne.  
The seconde.

The lawe of Moses.  
Idolatrye.  
Hypocresye.  
The third.

The lawe of Christ.  
Ambycyon.  
Sodomie.  
The fourth.

Deus pater.  
Vindicta Dei.  
The fift.

The aparellinge of the six vyces, or  
frutes of Infydelyte.

Lette Idolatry be decked lyke an olde wythe, Sodomie  
lyke a monke of all sectes, Ambycyon lyke a byshop,  
Couetousnesse lyke a pharyse or spirituall lawer, false  
doctryne, lyke a popysh doctour, and hypocresy  
lyke a graye fryre. The rest of the partes are  
easye ynough to coniecture.









**A songe upon Benedictus**  
Compyled by Johan Bale.



Benedictus dominus, Deus Is-  
rael,

Whych hath ouerthrowne, the  
myghtry Idoll Bel,

The false god of Rome, by poure  
of the Gospell,

And hath prepared, from the  
depe lake of hell,

Redemptionem plebis sue.

Et erexit cornu, of mercy helth and grace,  
That cruell tyraunt, now clerely to deface,  
Whose bloudy kyngedome, demynysbeth apace,  
By the worde of God, whych lately hath take place,  
In domo Dauid pueri sui,

Sicut locutus est, the lorde celestyall,  
That Romysh Antichrist, is lyke to haue a fall,  
With hys whole rable, of sectes dyabolycall,  
And now the nombre, wyll florysh ouer all,  
Prophetarum eius.

Salutem ex inimicis, now we maye dayly heare,

The





The enemyes of Christ with hym doth wytnesse beare  
Saul is become a paule, and preacheth euery where,  
Now maye we receyue, most heavenly wholsom geare  
De manu eorum qui oderunt nos.

Ad faciendam, misericordiam,  
The some of our God, from hys hygh gloay cam,  
To redeme the synne, of the chyl dren of Adam,  
And to remembre, to saythfull Abraham,  
Testamenti sui sancti.

Iusiurandum, whych God hath made afore,  
Vnto our fathers, he wyll kepe euermore,  
Promesed he hath, if we regarde hys loze,  
Forsakynge the pope, with hys dampnable store,  
Daturum ie nobis.

Vt sine timore, from Romyshe tyrauntes fre,  
The lorde graunt vs grace, that we maye speake to be,  
Of hys holy worde, and therein to agre,  
That in the Gospell, and christen lyberte,  
Seruiamus illi.

In sanctitate, and purenesse of lyfe,  
Let vs now trauayle, both mayden man and wyfe,  
All ryghtwoys doynges, in vs be cuer ryfe,  
That we perseuer, without debate or stryfe,  
Omnibus diebus nostris.

Tu puer propheta, elected of the lorde,  
Fynge Edward the sixt, to haue Gods lame restorde,  
Followest Josias, therof to take recorde,  
In all thy doynges, and in Gods holy worde,  
Parare vias eius.

Ad dandam scientiam, for mennys helth & safegarde  
Christes holy Gospel, by the is frelye hearde,  
Wherin doth consyst, their lyfe and full rewarde,  
With preservacyon, from daungerouse ieparde,  
Peccatorum eorum.

Per viscera, misericordiae,  
Christ our dere master, vs dayly ouerse,  
Least we here perysh, in our iniquyte,  
Our medyatour, continually is he,  
Oriens ex alto.

Illuminare, swete lorde we the desyre,  
To men in darkenesse, and in the popyshe myre,  
Lete not hys baggage, thy faythfull seruaunte styre,  
But vs delyuer, from them and from hell fyre,  
In uiam pacis,  
Amen.

*Bye*







The commaundementes breuelye.  
Lone thy lorde God. Swear thou not othe.  
Thy sabbath kepe. Please thy fryndes borhe.  
Wyne thou yll. Holde no mannys wyse.  
Brybe no mannys good. Sle not with knyfe.  
Wysch no mannys howse. Nor oxe nor asse.  
Nor thou wilt haue. So thou lyte casse.

**Thys endeth thys Comedy**  
concernynge thre lawes, of Nature, Mo  
ses, and Christ, corrupted by the Sodomy  
tes, Pharisees & papystes most wycked.  
Compyled by Johan Bale. Anno  
M. D. XXXVIII, and lately im  
printed per Nicolaum  
Bamburgensem













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